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ROSALIE'S TRIUMPH

Or, A Wife's Sacrifice - By Agnes Dorothy Camp

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CHAPTER I.

MRS. GARDENIER looked lovingly at her pretty daughter as she put the last touches to a perfect toilet. Rosalie turned from a long pier mirror where she had surveyed herself critically and returned her mother's glance. There was a look on the sweet face that was almost petulant.

"What is it, dear? You're not satisfied with your dress?" asked the devoted mother.

"The dress is all right, mother dear, but I'm dissastified with myself." Rosalie's tone was despairing.

"But why?" protested Mrs. Gardenier. "You've never looked lovelier. In fact, you seem so sweet and girlish it's a crime to turn you loose in a ballroom full of admiring men."

"That's just it," complained Rosalie. "I'd rather be handsome and clever. People soon get tired of a blonde doll, but they never get tired of listening to a clever woman."

"Well, you just wait," said her mother, smiling. "This is your first ball, and you'll have lots of admirers, and will want to divide your attentions among them. But why do you say you're not clever? You've had many more advantages than I had, and I've never been considered stupid."

Mrs. Gardenier spoke modestly, but it was a well-known fact that her husband's success as a physician was due largely to her extraordinary tact and personality.

"But I'm not thinking of that kind of cleverness," pursued Rosalie. "I can trill a little at the piano, but Wilson, our chambermaid, can sing much better than I. She was singing one of my songs the other day when she thought I was out, and she sang it infinitely better than I can. My embroidery isn't half as well done as the things you buy in the store, and I'm told the girls who make that are paid eight dollars a week. Then take French and Italian. I thought to master those tongues was a refined accomplishment until we went to Europe last year, and the chauffeurs and cabmen swore at us in French and Italian."

She paused for breath. Her mother stared at her a long time in amazement.

"There's no place in the world for a bluestocking," she declared, at last.

Rosalie threw up her hands. "You've purposely misunderstood me," she remonstrated. "I'm thinking of the wives of great men who have helped to make their husbands famous. Tall, dark, magnificent women, with black hair and sparkling eyes, whose look is a command and whose wish is law."

Mrs. Gardenier smiled indulgently at her romantic child.

"Such types are rare," she answered, "and seldom use their gifts in the right cause. Consequently they are more feared than loved."

Rosalie returned to the mirror. The reflection she saw there would have delighted the most critical. Perfect features and exquisite coloring; hair, eyes, cheeks and lips were faultless, and the pretty little rounded figure was divine.

"Well, dark or fair," she whispered half aloud, "I'm satisfied if Herbert loves me."

Mrs. Gardenier sighed and looked anxiously at her daughter.

"I hoped," she said, approaching the girl and putting her arm around her fondly, "that you would begin your first season unfettered by any early attachment. I'm very fond of Herbert Dunbar, and there's no doubt he's one of the men who will be heard from in the world. But you will meet many others, rich, handsome, and brave. It's only fair that

you should be free for one season."

Rosalie listened attentively to her mother, then she said whimsically:

"If they're not all like Herbert I'll have none of them."

"Foolish child!" said her mother, banteringly. But the tone belied the heaviness of her heart. "Suppose," she thought, "Herbert doesn't love her. They've been so much together. In similar cases I've heard of one who loves and the other who wants to be a brother or a sister—whichever the case may be. My poor baby!"

Herbert Dunbar was a distant cousin of Mrs. Gardenier's deceased husband. His duties as executor of the late Percival Gardenier had kept him in close touch with the widow and her daughter. Mrs. Gardenier liked the young man. He was clever and undoubtedly a rising young lawyer. She took advantage of his youth to use him as an escort. Herbert good naturedly fell into her plans. It soon became a recognized thing that wherever Mrs. Gardenier appeared the young lawyer was sure to be.

During the last few minutes Herbert Dunbar's perfect little Renault had glided silently up to Mrs. Gardenier's door, but not so silently that Rosalie failed to hear it. She turned from the mirror and stood facing the door with flushed cheeks and throbbing heart. A moment later Herbert was announced.

He paused on the threshold and stared in dumb admiration at the mother and daughter. Mrs. Gardenier, without any attempt at youthfulness, was a pretty woman of middle age. What was roundness in Rosalie's dainty figure had come to plumpness in her mother. But she was still a pleasing sight in her soft, clinging gown.

Herbert gazed from mother to daughter. Then he threw up his hands and cried gayly:

"My head is turned with so much beauty. Rosalie, I really believe that you grow lovelier every day. Do you know what you remind me of, standing there in that mystical creation of a dress?"

"Well, sir?" she demanded, coquettishly. But her heart bounded with gladness.

"You remind me, Rosalie, of a creature of another world. A saintly conception, or an angel."

"Herbert," replied Rosalie, with mock severity, a lovely pink blush mounting her cheeks, "you are learning the art of flattery. For pity's sake, don't commit me to another world just yet. I'm too fond of this old one and the joys of life. If you must etherealize me, let me be a fairy, even a bad one, so that I may inhabit this old earth a little longer."

"Child," exclaimed Herbert, mimicking her reproving tones, "your levity grieves me! Such naughty ideas are unbecoming in one so young." Rosalie pouted. "Madam," continued Herbert, bowing low to Mrs. Gardenier, "you'll have lots to answer for if this elf is allowed to practice her black arts on the inoffensive men she is apt to meet tonight."

Mrs. Gardenier laughed heartily, and suggested that they finish the conversation on their way to Mrs. Huntington's ball. In a few moments mother and daughter were tucked in cozily and the automobile was gliding swiftly down Fifth avenue.

As Rosalie emerged from the car into the vestibule of the Huntington mansion, she looked with dazzled excitement at the animated scene. Another moment and she was mingling in one of the biggest crushes of the season. A blaze of light, a glowing breath of scent, a sea of figures moving to the soft rhythm of a Hungarian orchestra. Such was Rosalie's first glimpse of the ball. In a few minutes her success was assured. All eyes were on the lovely girl as her mother led her through the crowded room. Even the reigning belle of the season bowed low in astonished admiration of the dazzling little beauty.

The first sensation which Rosalie experienced was one of surprise. Every one stared at her so, and every one was so anxious to be introduced to her. Then, as they made their way around the room, Herbert by their side, she rallied. When he claimed the first waltz, promised many weeks before, she threw her whole heart in delicious content into the rhythm of the dance.

"Oh, it was glorious!" she purred into Herbert's ears, as he took her back to Mrs. Gardenier. "I never knew before that one could be so perfectly happy."

Herbert Dunbar looked down at the pretty flushed face.

"Dear Rosalie!" he thought. "I wonder how long she will remain whole-hearted and perfectly happy." Aloud he said drolly: "Your feelings are perfectly natural after turning the heads of half the community. Of course, you never knew until tonight that one little girl could perform such a herculean feat."

"I would have been satisfied with less than half the community," she replied, roguishly.

"If you'll allow me, I'll walk in the conservatory with you until you are ready to take your next scalp—pardon me—your next dance," said Dunbar.

She cast upon him a swift, happy glance, and still he did not see that her whole soul shone in her eyes.

It was growing late, or to be more correct, early. The first streak of dawn had appeared when Mrs. Gardenier tore herself away from a wordy reunion and began to look around for Rosalie. Supposing her daughter to be with Herbert Dunbar, she waited tranquilly for their appearance. Presently she was joined by Herbert.

"Where's Rosalie?" she demanded.

There was a slight suspicion of hurry in Dunbar's tones, as he replied:

"In the conservatory with Julian Armstrong."

Mrs. Gardenier jumped to her feet.

"Oh, please, Herbert," she implored, "go to her at once! Tell her I'm very tired and must go home immediately." She tried to keep the anxiety out of her voice.

As Dunbar hurried out of the room she watched him with anxious eyes.

"Julian Armstrong!" she breathed. "Of all men, how dare he!"

CHAPTER II.

From the time he emerged from the schoolroom, Julian Armstrong had been the terror of his parents. As an associate for young men he was considered most mischievous. Mothers fluttered around their daughters at his approach and brooded them carefully until he had passed by. At twenty-nine he had figured conspicuously in several opprobrious stories and furnished delectable copy for the sensational newspapers.

He was a modern Cain, the black sheep of a good flock, the thorn in a fine old rose tree. Through the high standing of his family he was invited everywhere; his fascinating personality did the rest. He was seldom neglected and never overlooked.

With all Mrs. Gardenier's watchfulness, Armstrong had succeeded in getting a dance with Rosalie, and followed up his advantage. Rosalie found herself at the far end of a long conservatory alone with Julian Armstrong. She was thankful for the moment's quiet. Her head swam. She was giddy with the excitement of continual dancing.

The blazing lights, the heavy, perfumed air, the crowding, whirling throng had mounted to her brain like wine. And when the fascinating Armstrong leaned forward and murmured tender words of admiration, Rosalie resigned herself to the impulse of the moment, and listened to the same honeyed words he had poured into innocent ears dozens of times.

"I love you, my sweet child!" he said, at last, taking her little hand in his firm clasp.

"Oh, but you mustn't! Indeed, you mustn't!" Rosalie remonstrated faintly. "Please go away from me!" she begged, and looking helplessly around she saw Herbert Dunbar approaching.

Armstrong saw him, too, and whispered:

"You've given me leave to love you. I shall live in paradise until we meet again."

"No, no——" Before she could finish the sentence Herbert stood between them.

"Rosalie," he said, austerely, "your mother is waiting to go home. She requested me to take you to her at once."

The men bowed formally, and without a word to either, Rosalie took Herbert's proffered arm, and he led her away. She knew nothing of young Armstrong's reputation, but she did know that her mother counted Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong among her valued friends.

"Julian Armstrong is a very handsome man," she ventured, looking shyly up at her grave escort.

Herbert frowned. "You're mother doesn't approve of him," he replied.

"I don't think she'll mind me talking to him, because she is very fond of his parents, and Julian Armstrong goes everywhere," persisted Rosalie.

"Julian Armstrong," he exclaimed, in tones of contempt, "is not the kind of man I care for my friends to consort with. I shall tell him so if he compels me to by thrusting himself in their way."

Imagining that he was jealous, Rosalie felt a little thrill of delight.

"Then Herbert dear, you must go everywhere I go, and if the naughty monster comes too near, you will appear like the prince in a fairy story and save me."

She smiled happily, and was secretly delighted by the gravity of Herbert's face.

"He loves me!" she thought, a glad thrill at her heart. "If you don't like him Herbert," she went on, "I'll never speak to him again."

"I do not wish to choose your friends, Rosalie. That is for your mother to do. I fancy she will not choose Julian Armstrong. Anyway, I don't like him. It would anger me beyond everything to see a woman whom I cared for talking with that man, because I know she would be compelled to listen to fulsome flattery from his false lips."

He paused abruptly, for Rosalie was gazing at him with parted lips.

"Herbert," she said softly, "I'll never speak to that man again, if I can avoid it."

Mrs. Gardenier had seen the young people in the distance and settled down for another chat. The little lecture for Rosalie was reserved for the privacy of the boudoir.

It was almost daylight when Herbert dropped Mrs. Gardenier and Rosalie at the door of their home. Her mother was visibly tired, but Rosalie looked as fresh as when she started six hours before.

"I've had such a lovely time," she cooed, as Herbert almost lifted her out of the car, "and I'm so happy."

For a second her head rested on his shoulder. Her eyes, with the soul shining out of them, were turned full upon his. He bent over and kissed the lovely mouth. Mrs. Gardenier had bustled on ahead, and now called from the top of the stairs. Rosalie, with tremulous lips, said good-by, and followed her mother.

A moment later Herbert's machine was whirling him in the direction of Gramercy Park, a look of deep concern on his handsome features. He was appalled at something he had seen in Rosalie's eyes. There was something in her tones that held him speechless.

It was a wonderful revelation to him this finding that Rosalie loved him. What a blind fool he had been! How could he tell her that he had merely looked upon her as his little sister? It was impossible! He knew she would be stricken to death.

CHAPTER III.

It was past noon on the following day before Mrs. Gardenier opened her morning mail. Rosalie sat opposite her mother, looking as fresh and lovely as though the ball was in anticipation instead of the previous night.

Near the end of her pile of letters Mrs. Gardenier gave a little cry of vexation. Rosalie looked up quickly.

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"This is too provoking," exclaimed the little woman. "Here your Aunt Emily writes that the Professor has made a date with a comet, or an eclipse, or some other astronomical mystery, and promised to meet it in Calcutta and various other queer places during the next six months." She paused for breath.

"Why worry, mother?" asked Rosalie, lightly. "They don't expect us to go with them."

"Certainly not, but," continued Mrs. Gardenier, "they are sending Lillian here to stay with us until their return. That strong-minded young person refuses to broil in India, and her mother refuses to let her husband go alone. So Lillian will be our guest for six months at least," she sighed irritably.

"Is that such an affliction?" Rosalie asked. "As I remember Lillian Despard she was very, very beautiful."

"And very, very wilful and headstrong," added her mother. "She's a terrible responsibility, and I wish your Aunt Emily had sent her to a convent, or some such place."

Rosalie laughed heartily.

"It must be three years since I saw her," she said, "and my recollection is of a very superior young lady enjoying her first season and lording it over her Cousin Rosalie, then a schoolgirl."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Gardenier, reminiscently. "She has been out three years, and her mother writes that every man falls in love with her. She is not even engaged, however."

Rosalie became serious.

"Every man?" she repeated slowly. "Why doesn't she marry one of them?"

"They've lived abroad for several years, and perhaps foreigners don't appeal to her. She will probably settle down now. I wish some one else had to be answerable for her. One thing we can assure ourselves of, there's never a dull moment when Lillian's around."

The shadow clouding Rosalie's flower-like face soon disappeared.

"There's one man," she thought, "who won't fall in love with Lillian. Herbert loves me—just me."

Rosalie went over to her mother and threw her arms around her.

"We've been so happy, just Herbert and you and I," she said. I do hope no one will come between us. When is Lillian coming?"

The same thought had been running through Mrs. Gardenier's mind. She stroked Rosalie's velvet cheek and kissed her fondly.

"Lillian will be here the day after tomorrow," she replied, and resumed her letter reading.

Herbert was to accompany mother and daughter to the opera that evening, and Rosalie returned to her seat to dream of the one more happy time to be spent with her lover before the arrival of her cousin.

Ever since her father died, four years before, Rosalie had been everything to her mother. She had even been educated at a day school in the city to avoid a separation even for a short time. No wish of Rosalie's had been ungratified. Mrs. Gardenier's friends had warned her that she was doing the right thing to spoil her child. She only nodded her head reassuringly. Rosalie was too good-natured to be easily spoiled and so reasonable in her demands, it was easy to indulge them.

Lillian Despard, on the contrary, was unreasonably exacting, cold, indifferent, and selfish. At eighteen Rosalie could enter heartily into all kinds of youthful pastimes, even dressing dolls she did not consider beneath her, while at twenty-one her cousin was blase and bored by everything. No wonder Mrs. Gardenier dreaded her niece's arrival.

Fully half an hour before it was time to start for the opera Herbert sent up his card to Rosalie. The young man had been thinking carefully over his discovery of the night before. He wondered if, after all, he did not love Rosalie better than any woman he had ever known. Possibly. But was that saying he loved her. He tried to picture her married to some one else.

It seemed to him he had never felt a pang so poignant. Still again, was it love? He thought of Mrs. Gardenier. Did she know of Rosalie's feelings toward him? Had he been such a villain as to deceive them in regard to his intentions? Should he talk the matter over with her mother? A thousand times no. Every good feeling revolted against such a course. He would ask Rosalie to marry him. She would never suspect the reason, and he would cherish her as long as he lived.

A more passionate lover's heart could not have beaten more rapidly than Herbert's, as he waited for Rosalie's appearance. She soon came, a dainty vision in white. She reminded him more than ever of a fairy. She held an opera score in her hand, as though she thought a wish to, go over it had brought him so early. Sly Rosalie!

They talked about the ball, and Rosalie referred to the incident in the conservatory.

"I'll get it off my mind once for all," she volunteered. "Julian Armstrong said a lot of silly things, and I was awfully glad when you came and broke it up. I couldn't willingly listen to him, could I?"

He looked up quickly. Her voice had grown suddenly tender. There was a rapt, joyous light in the deep blue eyes.

"Is something worrying you?" she added. "You don't seem to be your old light-hearted self tonight. And see, I don't believe you have even noticed that I am wearing the lovely flowers you sent me."

Herbert had never admired her so much as he did just then. What he was about to say should have come easy. Still he put it off.

"Not worrying, dear?" he said. "Only anxious about you. I'm glad you liked the flowers."

"How can I thank you?" she asked. There was temptation in her tones as she rose and stood before him. And again he likened her to an angel.

He threw out his hands and put his arms around the slender form.

"Rosalie," he said gravely. "This seems like a terrible wrong."

In a moment her head was on his shoulder, her soft breath upon his cheek, happy tears in her eyes.

"Herbert dear, you are too good to do wrong. Tell me what is disturbing you. Perhaps I can help you. No one has a greater right. I would deem no pain, no sacrifice too big to spare you anxiety."

"Rosalie, Rosalie, you care for me like that?" he murmured.

"Care for you, dear? I love you with all my soul. Have you been blind to that? Have you not seen all along that you are all the world to me?"

He was afraid to meet her eyes, afraid that she would read in them that he had never thought of loving her until the night before, that he had only thought of her as his little sister Rosalie.

Instead he drew her to his heart and pressed tender kisses on her brow. She drew one soft arm around his neck, and the fair head lay contentedly on his shoulder.

"I'm so glad you love me, Herbert," she sighed blissfully.

"My dear, dear Rosalie!" he whispered fervidly.

The keen ears of love detected a sad note in his tones. "What is troubling you, dearest?" she pleaded. "I've noticed something oppressed you ever since you came in. I've the right of love, to help you if I can."

"Hush, Rosalie, child, there's only one thing grieving me. That is my unworthiness to have the dearest little girl in all the world love me."

Rosalie stopped his words by pulling his head down level with her mouth.

"There," she said, "take that—and that—and that," kissing him. "And don't ever say such a thing again. Here comes mother. She has been waiting for us to call, and we are half an hour late. Of course, you'll take all the blame," she laughed happily.

Herbert snatched a kiss from the roguish lips just as Mrs. Gardenier entered the room. The good woman missed the kiss—but she saw the effect. The culprits stood confessed.

After the first shock Mrs. Gardenier blessed them in true motherly fashion. Yesterday she would have frowned on an engagement for Rosalie. In some unaccountable way Lillian Despard's visit had influenced her decision. Mrs. Gardenier could not have explained it herself.

CHAPTER IV.

Lillian Despard was a really marvelous beauty, the true type which Rosalie had described imperfectly as her ideal. She was tall, lithe, and dark, with hair as black and glossy as a raven; large, velvety midnight eyes that at times could flame and glitter strangely, and a clear complexion. Her walk was an insinuating glide that suggested some soft-footed dweller of the forest.

She often wore such extraordinary colors as yellow and black, which were wonderfully becoming. Take her all in all Lillian Despard was a very attractive woman—and she knew it. She realized her value, and though her admirers were legion and a number of suitors had offered their hands and fortunes not one of them had ever been able to cause the girl so much as the quiver of an eyelid.

Instead of the headstrong, wilful girl Mrs. Gardenier remembered, she found

Lillian cool, tactful, and profound. She no longer patronized the mother nor lorded it over the daughter, but seemed to realize that, as Mrs. Despard's stepdaughter she had few claims upon the Gardeniers. In the future she would have to win a place for herself. Women, no matter how beautiful, cannot ride roughshod over the feelings of other women, whatever they may be able to do with men.

Lillian had been quick to notice the forced cordiality in her aunt's manner upon her arrival at the Gardenier home. She wisely refrained from showing it. She told herself that never again would she feel scornful of her pudgy aunt and milk-and-water cousin. Instead, she would make them love her. All very good resolutions, if nothing occurred to interfere with their execution.

When Miss Despard had been an inmate of her aunt's home for nearly a month, the three women were in Mrs. Gardenier's boudoir one afternoon, where tea was always served at five o'clock. Rosalie stood at the large bay window where she could look several blocks down Fifth avenue.

There was a wistful expression in the lovely eyes, as she fixed them on the never-ending traffic below. Lillian was moving restlessly about the room, and Mrs. Gardenier sat in a comfortable low chair, her hands lying idly on a piece of fancy work in her lap.

Suddenly Rosalie turned from the window, a lovely color flooding her cheeks. Mrs. Gardenier jumped up and rang the bell for tea, and Lillian retreated to the window seat, where, partly concealed by the hangings, she became immersed in a book. A moment later Herbert Dunbar was announced.

After greeting Rosalie and her mother he took a seat with his back to the window. Apparently he had not noticed Lillian. But when Mrs. Gardenier poured out the tea he picked up the cup and saucer and walked straight to the place where she was sitting.

The rich color in Lillian's cheeks grew a trifle fainter as he approached her. But with a flash from her splendid dark eyes, which made Herbert almost drop the tea, she thanked him, and became absorbed in her book, taking no part in the conversation at the other end of the room.

From the first Herbert Dunbar had fallen under the spell of Lillian's alluring beauty. She knew it and was satisfied. He told himself that he loved her madly; that she was not the kind of girl one could love with anything less than madness. She made him forget all else, and he became her devoted slave. This was not an unusual experience for Lillian, but what was inexplicable was the fact that she had fallen in love with him.

Although she had flirted many times, till now her pulses had never quickened one iota for any man. Nevertheless, she studiously avoided him. An occasional low-toned word or a flash from the wonderful eyes were all the encouragement Herbert received. She knew her power over him, and that one word would bring him to her feet. Yet she played with him like the proverbial cat and mouse. Besides, it was not a part of her policy to offend her aunt and cousin. So she allowed events to shape themselves.

Meanwhile, Rosalie became pensive. The yearning look in her eyes told of the nameless longing of the heart for something that Herbert was unable to give. Mrs. Gardenier looked thoughtful and anxious. Rosalie made no complaint, and Herbert's whole conduct was irreproachable. There really was nothing to do but wait.

Not once had Herbert questioned his love for Lillian. Why should he, when the sound of her voice made him tremble, and a look into her eyes thrilled his very soul? While to be in the same room with her, though never exchanging a word or look, was unalloyed bliss. He was racked between a sense of love for Lillian and duty to Rosalie. He realized that Rosalie's love was her whole existence, and rather than break the dear, trusting heart, he was willing to suffer the tortures of purgatory. He became more and more attentive to Rosalie. He urged Mrs. Gardenier to go everywhere and take Rosalie. He accompanied them when he could. Perhaps he entertained a secret hope that Rosalie would meet and fall in love with some one else. Vain hope!

CHAPTER V.

The silence of death hung over the Gardenier home on Fifth avenue. The daughter of the house was critically ill. Doors and telephones were muffled, voices were hushed, and the servants tiptoed about the house with sad faces that showed genuine grief.

Sweet, gentle Rosalie was beloved by all. A week before the girl had been taken with a fever which threatened her life. For days she had lain unconscious, the fair lovely head tossing from side to side, her face crimson with fever, the deep blue eyes staring vacantly. Now her reason was fluttering back to consciousness, but her life was still trembling on the verge of eternity.

Mrs. Gardenier with heavy lines under her eyes and all the other signs of a week's vigil, bent over the sick girl, waiting for the first word to pass her lips. Doctor Potter, who had known and loved Rosalie all her life, stood on the other side of the bed, trying in vain to conceal from the anxious mother his own fears.

The fever had left Rosalie's cheeks deadly white, and now that she opened her eyes they seemed to be twice their usual size. She tried to speak, but failed. The doctor poured some medicine in a glass, and just then the nurse came in the room. Together they raised the girl and administered the draught. A moment later Rosalie began to speak, and her mother leaned over to listen to what she believed were the last wishes of her darling.

Downstairs in the large drawingroom Lillian Despard paced back and forth. She was dressed in her favorite mixture of black and yellow, and her neck and arms gleamed through the soft lace. She was realizing with a sensation, partly self-contempt, partly pleasure, that she was dangerously in love with Herbert Dunbar. She was asking herself why this new, strange feeling, which was stirring in her heart with a strength she could not overcome, had not taken possession of her before, when she was listening to adoring suitors more eligible than Dunbar—at least some one who was free to love her. Not that she intended to allow any other attachment to interfere with her plans. For a moment something very like a twinge of conscience passed through her breast. But with an effort she threw off this feeling and walked faster and faster up and down the long room.

"Lillian! Lillian!" he pleaded.

All at once an automobile stopped at the door. Lillian could see it from her post in the drawingroom. Like some black and yellow animal pouncing on its prey, Lillian shot into a low lounging chair, where she coiled her lissome body and threw her superb head into a pose. Altogether she was most alluring. A moment later Herbert entered the room unannounced.

Evidently he expected to find the doctor, or perhaps, Mrs. Gardenier, for he started back and would have withdrawn, but she beckoned him with her eyes. Herbert approached the woman who he fancied had become all in all to him. He leaned over her as she half reclined in careless grace in the low chair, and drank in her beauty with his whole heart in his eyes.

"At last, Herbert, I have you all to myself," she murmured, softly. "At last you're going to tell me why you shun me as though I was a plague."

"It hasn't been my fault, Lillian," said Herbert, miserably. "You know that, dear."

There was a pout on her scarlet lips, and she looked up from under her half-closed lids. She knew well enough that it was not his fault, but she was not going to admit it. Her voice was doleful, and there was an undertone of rebuke when she said:

"It hasn't been mine, either. Besides, you're more than ever attentive in other quarters."

Herbert flushed. He looked as guilty as though she had accused him of a crime.

"You're unfair!" he cried, passionately. "You know that I was bound to Rosalie before I saw you. As soon as she is well enough," he added, "I'll ask her to marry me, before I forget that I'm a man of honor."

Lillian laughed, showing her ivory teeth. But the laugh was not a pleasant one to hear.

"Hush, hush, my dear boy!" she said, calmly. "Don't do anything rash. Be prudent. A wise man changes his mind." She held out her hands to him, and he kissed them tremulously.

"Lillian, Lillian!" he pleaded.

Once more she turned the luster of her great dusky eyes full upon his ardent gaze. She made no reply, but the look spoke more than words could have done.

"I wish I could prove my love," he said, in genuine trouble.

She rose and stood before him, the wonderful creation of black and yellow clinging to her lithe form. Her whole attitude was insinuating grace. Her eyes rested with infinite tenderness upon the face of the man so close to hers. Her supple body swayed toward him, as if longing for his caress.

At that moment a step was heard outside the door. Lillian's sharp ears caught the sound. Instantly she became the cool, self-possessed Lillian Despard.

The intruder was Doctor Potter. The doctor was one of those convenient people who never see a yard beyond their noses. Without a suspicion that he had stumbled on a secret love affair, the older man, with a quaver in his voice, bade Herbert follow him.

He led the young man to Mrs. Gardenier's boudoir, where they were soon joined by Mrs. Gardenier. Herbert felt horribly guilty as he looked from one anxious face to the other. It suddenly occurred to him that he had not even asked about Rosalie, and yet it was his first visit that day. He had called morning, noon, and night every day for a week. He dreaded the news that they were about to break to him.

"If Rosalie is worse, why didn't Lillian tell me?" he wondered.

If only they would say something, and not stand there looking so dreadfully bereft. Perhaps she had been dying while he was perjuring his soul to Lillian. Cold sweat broke out all over him, and he trembled with emotion. In that moment of suspense he vowed that if Rosalie was spared he would be true to himself and her as long as they both should live.

He was told in guarded tones, that the blow might not fall too heavily, that Rosalie was dying. A few hours only were left of the sweet young life. Rosalie had expressed a wish to be married before she died. It could be accomplished, if no time was lost.

In his grief and remorse, Herbert welcomed anything wherein he could prove his loyalty to Rosalie. He promised to help Doctor Potter make the arrangements at once, and Mrs. Gardenier, in broken-hearted sorrow, returned to Rosalie to prepare her for her deathbed nuptials.

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger, presenting the readers with some very strange happenings. If you are not a subscriber to the Ledger, you are strongly urged to send in your subscription at once. Every family should take the Ledger, as humor and stories and pictures make life brighter and pleasanter for all, bringing health and entertainment and doing every one good. Be wise and attend to this today.

Obeyed Orders.

A regiment in India was about to be inspected by a General, just out from England, who was particular that the Captain of every regiment should know the name of every man in his company and also where he came from. Now, it happened that a Captain in this particular regiment had just returned after twelve months' leave, and during his absence many changes had occurred.

On the morning of the inspection the Captain addressed his company as follows:

"Now, men, the General is particular that I should know every man's name, and also to what county he belongs. Now, there are many here who are strangers to me, so whatever I say your names are or where you belong to, mind you, don't contradict it."

The General at length arrived, and as he passed down the lines he stopped before a man and said to the Captain:

"This is a smart looking soldier. What is his name?"

"Brown, sir," replied the Captain.

"Where does he come from?"

"Wiltshire, sir."

The General passed on and soon stopped before another man.

"What's this man's name?"

"Jones, sir."

"Where does he come from?"

"Devon, sir."

"Ah, I'm a Devonshire man myself. Fine county is Devon, is it not, Private Jones?" said the General.

Private Jones looked startled for a moment, and then, in a broad Irish brogue, replied:

"Bedad, an' there ain't a foiner country in the wurld, yer 'onner."

Recognized Her.

A man down in North Carolina lived with his wife for seven years, and during that time he came to have a very healthy regard for her physical superiority. After meekly submitting to all the kicking and cuffing that he could stand, he left home and took up his residence at the home of a farmer about seven miles distant.

One day he was working in the field, when his employer brought him the message that some one wanted to speak to him over the telephone, presumably his wife. He didn't disobey the authority of the woman, even at a distance, and he hurried to answer the call.

He had had no experience with the telephone, and it was with wonder and hesitation that he picked up the receiver. About that time lightning struck the line, and the shock threw him to the floor.

Rising from the floor with a look of amazement, and with a dubious look at the instrument, he said softly: "I'll be doggoned if it wasn't her."

The Supercritic.

Provost Hawkins of Oriel College, Oxford, declares the Rt. Hon. W. G. E. Russell in "Edward King, 60th Bishop of Lincoln," was never happy unless he could find some fault in the undergraduates who came before him.

Among other things, the record of chapel attendance was always on his table. One day when King, who was an Oriel man, and who seemed to have a happy combination of George Herbert and Saint Francis de Sales, was before him, the provost consulted the record.

"I observe, Mr. King," said he, "that you have never missed a single chapel, morning or evening, during the whole term."

He paused, but instead of a word of praise, which might reasonably have been expected, he continued severely:

"I must warn you, Mr. King, that even too regular attendance at chapel may degenerate into formalism."

What It Meant.

He had asked her father for her hand, and had been duly accepted.

Naturally he was inclined to be jubilant, the girl being pretty and her father reputed rich.

"Oh, well," said the latter, presently, as he carefully inspected the clear Havana the youth handed him, "you needn't be so unduly puffed up over it. You're the sixteenth youngster I've accepted for a son-in-law this year, and I expect two more tomorrow."

"Why-why, what does this mean?" stammered the youth.

"It means," replied the shocking old poppy, "amusement for the girl and cigars for me."

Out of the Dark

Or, PLUCKED FROM MARRIAGE VOWS

By WILLIS C. KING

He fired three shots at the wall.

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CHAPTER XIX.

WESTLAKE was not afraid that Penfield Breyerton would return to the lodge before daylight. He had been disarmed, and furthermore he would undoubtedly seek to have his superficial wound dressed before he attempted to annoy Miss Joyce again. The millionaire remembered what the minister had said in New York—that it was to be war, and he believed him capable of carrying out his resolution. There was only one thing to do, to secure a full knowledge of the facts and then from them decide where it would be best to place Virginia. It would not do to leave her without adequate protection in any place where her enemy could reach her.

Upon being told by Sankey that the wounded man had been able to walk from the automobile to the lodge, Westlake decided to return to the house where the girl had sought protection. Evidently both she and Breyerton knew the old man, the girl at least having had no hesitation in trusting herself to his care.

At the house the man who had been the victim of the murderous attack which Westlake had every reason to believe was made through the mistaken belief that he himself was being assaulted was found lying on a sofa in the living-room. He was conscious, and did not seem to be suffering severely. Westlake did not tell the others that the man earlier in the day had made inquiries regarding Breyerton Tower.

In reply to questions the man gave his name as Gray Coleman, but he managed to evade questions in regard to his business. In this Westlake aided him. He soon saw to it that the two were left alone, and then he taxed the stranger with being Detective Pettus. The man looked at him sharply before replying.

"Who are you?"

"I suppose that question should precede mine. I am Byrd Westlake. Being in need of help on a delicate mission, I called up the Manhattan & Occidental Detective Agency, and Gallagher said that he would send Detective Pettus to gather information. When I learned at the Melhurst station that a man was making inquiries concerning Breyerton Tower I decided that it must be you."

"That's the right dope. I wish you'd tell me, though, what happened to me. It felt like some one had dropped a wagon load of brick off the roof on my head."

He rubbed the back of his head where he had been struck, and tried to smile. Westlake himself could not suppress a smile. He recognized that Pettus thought he was on a Sunday school excursion, when in reality he was dealing with a shrewd and determined man who seemed willing to go to any lengths in his desperation. But how he could have avoided the attack no one could say. It just happened that the detective was the victim of a chance meeting. It might have been any one else going through the churchyard at that hour. Westlake shivered when he thought how near it had come to being he. It was for him that Breyerton really was lying in wait.

"You were the victim of an accident. The man we are investigating thought you were I, and so he decided to put you out of the way. Fortunately for you, I happened to be close by, and frightened him away. Where had you been? No, begin at the beginning and tell me all about your day. You see, I don't know a thing. I don't even know where we are now."

"I don't know that. Some old Santa Claus dragged me out of a peaceful sleep in a strange automobile, and led me down here. Well, to begin with the beginning, the chief told me this morning to come up here and investigate a school called Breyerton Tower. He said he wanted to know all he could about the people who run it, and also about an old man named Abel Harryton. I telephoned out to the school, saying I wanted to put my daughter in a good school, and they sent down to the station for me. I got here late this morning, but I didn't go out to the school until after lunch."

"How did you get out there?"

"A negro boy came down with an automobile. The school is all right, as far as I could see, but it's rather cheap. One of the teachers took me through."

"Weren't any of the Breyertons there?"

"Not at that time. Dr. Penfield Breyerton came up from New York about the middle of the afternoon, and I saw him. He said his mother was attending a sick friend, and that his brother was with her. I told him I wouldn't make any arrangements until I had seen the lady principal and talked to her. He asked me to telephone him tomorrow from New York, and he would let me know if she had returned."

"How far off is she?"

"I don't know."

"How did you happen to be coming through the churchyard so late tonight?"

"Instead of going back to New York, as I told him I would, I talked to the chief, and he said to stick around, that you were on your way up here. Being sort of restless, I took a walk tonight, and went over to the school."

"Well?"

"It's just back of the church a little way."

"I didn't know that. What kind of a building is it?"

"It's an old country home with a wing added for sleeping rooms for the girls."

"I see. Did Gallagher tell you why I wished the information you could gather?"

"He told me some of it, sir, but I guess you'd better tell me the whole thing if we're going to work together."

Westlake hastily outlined the situation for the detective. Pettus agreed with him that the proper thing to do was to have Miss Joyce join in their further deliberations. She was the only one with any knowledge of the past, and her voice would have the most weight perhaps in determining their course in the future. Accordingly she was asked to join them.

"We haven't any fear of present danger, Miss Joyce," began the millionaire, "but it would be best for you to tell us who this man Sankey is. How did you happen to come to him? How does Penfield Breyerton happen to know him?"

"Mr. Sankey? He's always lived here. He knew my mother. This is the gatekeeper's house on my grandfather's estate, or what was my grandfather's estate. He's lost all his money."

"How do you know?"

"The Breyertons told me, and he's said so, too."

"What is the name of this place?"

"It is called The Haven. Grandfather was a sailor. He owned ships in trade on the west coast of South America. He made millions out of it, Mr. Sankey said, but he lost them somehow."

"I suppose your grandfather is at The Haven now, with the Breyertons watching him. Why are they so interested in him."

"Mrs. Breyerton said he befriended them once. He owned Breyerton Tower, you know."

"Are they quite disinterested?" asked Pettus, who had been introduced to Miss Joyce as Gray Coleman.

"Not on your life," answered Westlake quickly. "They are not that kind. You may be sure that there is salvage quite worth while out of his estate, or they would not be so interested in getting Miss Joyce into the family."

"Do you think that, Mr. Westlake?" The girl opened her eyes wide with surprise.

"I could have told you that long ago. The thing for us to do is to fight for that salvage. It belongs rightfully to Miss Joyce. She is his only heir. No matter how little it is, we must keep the Breyertons from getting it."

"But how?"

"Leave that to me, Virginia, to me and my friends. Mr. Coleman will help us. Mr. Goodnoe and Karl Keinburg are now at Sanford's Inn. As soon as it is day we shall start to work to oust the Breyertons. Can you trust old Sankey?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Sankey, too."

"You must remember this," interrupted the detective, "they are a rather guileless old couple, and Dr. Breyerton might worm something out of them without their meaning to let it slip. We must not take them too deeply into our confidence."

"You're right, Coleman. Then here's what we shall do. You are to continue your inquiries tomorrow regarding the school as a place for your daughter. Sankey will get what backstairs news he can from The Haven. To be fully protected Virginian must come with us to Sanford's Inn. She and I, together with Goodnoe and Keinburg, will work from the outside. My attorney will give me whatever advice we may need as to what can be done and yet keep within the law. I am quite willing to go beyond the law, because we are dealing with those who would not hesitate to do so. What do you say, Coleman?"

"That sounds all right to me, Mr. Westlake. We can't do anything until morning. Let us go to Sanford's Inn. Breyerton may be watching the house. Sankey will walk with me as far as the road to disarm suspicion. At the same time you and Miss Joyce steal out of the back door and meet at the machine."

"We shall go by the lily pond," answered the protector of the girl who would not trust him to speak of love.

After Putnam Sankey had been drilled as an information gatherer at The Haven, being told to report everything to Sanford's Inn, Westlake and Virginia waited until the two men had drawn any possible attention to themselves, and then started for the lily pond as a way station on the road to the motor-car. For a minute they stopped at the rustic summerhouse, listening for footsteps, and watching for moving shadows. All was still.

"Virginia, you are making it very hard for me. Must I keep my promise?"

"Don't say anything, Mr. Westlake, please. It wouldn't be right. It would not be fair to—" there was a catch in her voice that might have been a suppressed sob— "it wouldn't be fair to—Miss Bardeen. Remember your bargain."

"Very well. We'll call it the Pact of the Lily Pond."

CHAPTER XX.

Whether Sanford's Inn was the best place as a base of operations, Westlake was unable to decide. He had announced in Penfield Breyerton's presence that it was at the Inn he was staying, and he had no doubt that his wily antagonist would make the best possible use of his information. No matter what might happen it would have to be the rendezvous until morning.

At the automobile Westlake and Virginia found Detective Pettus, or as he was known to the girl, Gray Coleman, waiting for them. The owner of the car lit the lights, and in a few seconds they were on their way to Sanford's Inn, passing through Dutro without meeting with any adventure. As they drew up at the road house, the faithful Henri ran out of the dimly lighted office.

"I'm so glad you're back, sir. We've all been worried. I was getting ready to start down the road to look for you."

"It's all right, Henri. I'm late, but I've done almost as good a night's work as you did last night. Where are Mr. Goodnoe and Mr. Keinburg?"

"They are lying down, sir. I was to call them in a little while if you didn't come, and we were to look for you. We thought maybe you had a puncture."

"Is any one in the office?"

"No, sir."

"Then tell Mr. Goodnoe and Mr. Keinburg to join us there. After that you may put up the machine and go to bed."

In a few minutes the two men joined the party, and after expressing their delight at Westlake's return were introduced to Mr. Coleman.

The situation was gone over thoroughly, all of them appealing from time to time to Miss Joyce to make some point clear. In many cases she was unable to throw any light on the affair, since she herself had come into the life of her grandfather so recently.

"It is evident," concluded the attorney, "that your grandfather still has some means, or has not lost a certain equity in some of his property. People like the Breyertons don't play a game that is certain to be a losing one. As for gratitude, now that you view the matter from the angles of its latest developments, Miss Joyce, can't you see that they are far from disinterested?"

"Yes, sir. There must be something in it for them."

"Exactly. Now, tell me, what is your grandfather's mental condition?"

"Well, he's very old and childish. I don't know whether he knew I was his daughter or his granddaughter. I do know that he liked to have me with him."

"Do you happen to know if he has ever made a will?"

"I can't say."

"It seems unlikely, or the Breyertons would not have been so anxious to have you a member of their family. If there is a will, they have not been mentioned as handsomely as they would like. Who handles your grandfather's legal business."

"Dr. Breyerton, I think. He had grandfather greatly interested in church work, too. Grandfather used to give enormous sums to missions through Dr. Breyerton."

"Did the mission get the money."

"I suppose so."

Albert Goodnoe leaned back in his chair and looked at Westlake.

"As far as I can see, Byrd, the case is typical. The law books are full of reports about such things. That doesn't make it any the less interesting. Miss Joyce has certain interests which must be protected."

"How should we proceed?"

"That is a very delicate matter to decide. If we went into court and had a guardian appointed, the Breyertons might have some weight in coming to a judicial decision because they have been so closely attached to the old man. It is hard to make a court see the wiles of sharpers when they play their cards well."

"For Miss Joyce's sake, I wish to avoid unpleasant publicity."

"Certainly. We all do. But we may have to ask for a guardian, after all. Suppose we have him adjudged insane, and he has left a will giving his money to Mrs. Breyerton or to Dr. Breyerton's religious schemes or to the school, then we should have a hard time proving he was insane when the will was drawn. We might not be able to attack it, if there was some nominal provision made for Miss Joyce. You see, her mother's long absence—if we may call it that—is not in her favor, even if we make it appear that she was driven from home originally. In short, the case would be long drawn out and expensive."

"What's expense to you?" retorted Westlake. "I shall pledge my whole fortune to the carrying on of this suit."

"Of course, but you wouldn't want to appear as backing the suit. You're not known as being that altruistic."

This was an unfortunate speech. Virginia's blue eyes snapped as she listened. Instantly she thought of Miss Bardeen. Westlake saw that his attorney had made a mess of it, but he decided to make no protest, knowing how futile his words would be. He glanced from the girl to Keinburg, and was surprised to see how the young artist was devouring her with his eyes. There could be no doubt of his love for her. When the millionaire gazed again at the beautiful girl he was so struck with her perfection that he swore to himself to get rid of Keinburg as expeditiously as possible. In her present frame of mind, hating him as he believed she did, there was a possibility that she might turn to the artist.

"What ought to be done, Mr. Goodnoe?" Virginia looked at him questioningly.

The more he saw of her, the more the lawyer liked her. And this nettled him somewhat, because he was still the champion of caste, still the believer in the marriage of only those of the same social standing. This girl, however, had shown herself to be a perfect lady. What was more, she had shown herself only to good advantage under the most trying circumstances. He began to wonder if it would not be well to look up her family. The record would be valuable, whether he had to protest or defend.

"It is my opinion, Miss Joyce," he re-

plied to her query, "that the first thing to be done is to find out more about your grandfather's present condition. The party which possesses him has an immense advantage. If we could make ourselves masters of The Haven, we could see to it that they had hard work dislodging us."

For a while there was silence, every one thinking what was best to be done. Westlake, as leader of the expedition, was the first to speak.

"Here is my plan: Mr. Coleman, who is heartily in sympathy with our campaign, will continue his investigations of the school with a view of sending his daughter there. This he can do without suspicion, and from him we shall know what is passing there. I am afraid to depend on Sankey for news from The Haven, because he is not cut out by nature for such work. Keinburg here may be able to get in up there on some pretext or other. On a signal from him we shall make the attempt to take possession of The Haven."

"Oh, don't have any trouble on account of me," begged the girl. She clasped her hands and looked appealingly from one to the other.

"Don't think it's you, Miss Joyce," answered Goodnoe, grimly. "We're interested in the fight as a fight. As a sworn officer of the court, for every lawyer is that, I feel it is my duty to see this matter satisfactorily settled."

She thought she hated him for that speech. With a woman's intuition she felt that he was opposing her. She didn't know why. It never occurred to her that it was because of her influence over Mr. Westlake. She thought that she had no influence, at least no influence for good. Yet, try as hard as she might, she could not hate the millionaire. The lawyer's words were not altogether true; he was something of a sophist, but she did not stop to reason that out.

"Whether it's Miss Joyce or not," put in Westlake, in a conciliatory tone, "we're going to see the matter through, and she will reap all the benefit. That makes us very glad indeed, because we have for her every good wish in the world." He found himself addressing his remarks to Keinburg. The artist nodded approvingly, and wondered if Westlake really loved her after all.

"What are you going to be doing all that time—and Virginia?" That was what was troubling the young man.

"Together with Mr. Goodnoe, we shall hold ourselves in reserve. We've no right at The Haven without her."

"The thing to do now," observed Pettus, an old campaigner, "is to get some sleep."

The landlord was routed out and a room procured for Virginia. Keinburg and the detective also retired, leaving Westlake to give his lawyer a full account of the evening's happenings. The latter had already recognized that Coleman had come from Gallagher's office. The young man also told his legal adviser of the announcement in the afternoon paper of his engagement to Miss Bardeen.

"There is one thing you must do in the morning," he spoke seriously. "Send some one from your office to find out how that happened to get in. Of course Mrs. Bardeen and Emily are in no wise responsible, even indirectly. Directly, is out of the question. I don't even know that she cares for me, especially that way."

This was a misstatement, but it was a gentlemanly misstatement, and the lawyer accepted it as such.

"Well, Byrd, you might do worse."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you see, my dear boy, that you are madly in love with this little Joyce girl?"

"What if I am?" He spoke angrily. "How do you know that it would be worse for me? What do you know, you dry-as-dust legal machine, about love?"

"I ought to know, I handle enough divorce cases for young society men who make mistakes."

"Look here, Goodnoe, that's not fair. And, besides, Miss Joyce is a thousand times too good for me. She won't even look at me. I think she's in love with that artist fellow."

"I devoutly hope so."

"Now let's drop it. Another thing you can do by telephone in the morning is to get Gallagher's report on Abel Harryton. He ought to be able to dig up something from somewhere. Pettus is working on the Breyerton end; what we want is something about Harryton."

Goodnoe was of the same opinion, although he did not say so, because if his client was bound to fall in love, he wished him to fall in love with his eyes open as to the girl's standing.

"Another thing you mustn't forget," said the lawyer. "You have an engagement with Miss Bardeen for the week-end. You are due there at all hazards tomorrow—this afternoon."

"I know it, and I'll be there. Don't forget that I must telephone Bantock to bring up my luggage. Do you wish him to stop by your house and have your man pack a bag for you?"

"Good heavens! How long do you think I am going to stay up here?"

"Until this thing is settled, and settled right. I'll have something sent up for you."

"Well, I'm going to bed."

"Yes, get all the sleep you can. In the morning you are going with Virginia and me to pay a call."

"On whom, pray?"

"On a minister."

"Dr. Breyerton?"

"No. Although we probably shall do that later. On Dr. Haldane. He may be able to help us."

"Is this a wedding?"

Goodnoe's tone had something of a question and something of a cynical sneer in it.

"No. I wish to Heaven it were! Let me tell you this, Goodnoe, I am going to marry that girl if it is the last thing I do on earth!"

"I hope it is," answered the lawyer savagely, emphasizing his remark by slamming his door violently.

CHAPTER XXI.

On the morning planned for the invasion of The Haven, Westlake was early astir. So early, that about Sanford's Inn, which was a place not noted for early rising, an air of somnolent calm still lingered. The sun was just driving away the mist and putting a heart of cold fire in millions of dewdrops when he came out for a turn in front of the Inn.

The New Yorker was not the only early riser. After a walk down the road for fifty yards or so he turned back to see Miss Joyce stepping out of the office to the sunlit porch. She did not see him, and thought herself quite alone. When he had come much nearer he stopped to gaze at her. Her beauty well repaid the adoring looks of her devoted admirer.

Graceful as some water nymph or forest being, a dryad who made her home in the heart of a willow tree, the girl stood there quite unconscious that she was the most beautiful picture Westlake had ever feasted his eyes upon. She stood and seemed to scent the air as a fawn might do on coming down to a spring for water in the early morning. The man thought her beauty all the greater because she seemed never to give it a thought. There was about her not a single one of the affectations of a court beauty. She was sincerely and genuinely herself.

The man had almost come up to her before she turned and saw him. "Good morning, Miss Joyce, I hope you passed a good night."

Purposely he refrained from calling her by her first name. It had been her order, that she was to be known now to him as Miss Joyce, although the previous night he had not always obeyed instructions. She noticed the manner in which he saluted her, and didn't like it.

"Good morning, Mr. Westlake."

A pause, a long pause.

"Mr. Westlake?" She was evidently embarrassed.

"Yes, Miss Joyce?"

Another pause.

"I'd like you to do me a favor?"

"I shall gladly do for you anything I can."

"Then call me Virginia."

Before the full force of her remark had struck him, she had turned and dashed into the house. He ran after her, but she was not to be found. The man had a full hour to himself before one of his party appeared, and the entire time he spent in wondering what she meant. She did not come down until the others were seated at the breakfast table. She still treated her protector with a certain reserve, but he thought he could detect a merry twinkle in her eye. At least he hoped he could.

After breakfast Detective Pettus decided to walk to Dutro and catch the train for Melhurst. At the latter station he could see if Dr. Breyerton or any of his family got on the train for New York. Whether he should stay on the train or get off would be determined by circumstances. From Melhurst he hoped to get in touch with his home office and find out what additional information could be placed at Westlake's disposal.

They had to cast about for some time before fixing upon a plausible pretext which would gain admission at The Haven for Karl Keinberg. It was finally decided that he should stop and see Sankey before going up to the house. When he got to the house he was to represent himself, unless something better occurred to him, or Sankey had put some thought into his head, as a representative of a sailors' home seeking contributions.

Before the others set off in the machine for Dr. Haldane's, Westlake managed to corner Virginia and question her.

"Tell me, Virginia, why did you ask me to cease calling you Miss Joyce?"

She smiled and there was this time an unmistakable twinkle in her eye.

"You know I'm cold and calculating, Mr. Westlake. I thought if you called me Miss Joyce, people would think I was grown up, and it would hurt my chances in helping grandfather. If I was just a girl, well, anybody will help a girl."

"Virginia, you're perfectly crazy!"

"Then, too, maybe I mightn't make—Miss Bardeen—angry at me if she thought I was just a girl. I want the people who like you to like me, too."

She turned and ran down to the motor and put herself under the chaperonage of Mr. Goodnoe. Before him Westlake could not speak as freely as he should have liked to have done.

"Virginia, you're a little witch!" was all he could say. "Do you know that this is the best way to make me forget the Pact of the Lily Pond."

Instantly she was serious.

"No, no, Mr. Westlake; that's something you mustn't do."

They rode for a long time in silence.

After Westlake had introduced himself and his two companions to Dr. Haldane, his first question—the whole conversation he begged the rector would treat as confidential—nearly took that good man by surprise.

"Is Dr. Penfield Breyerton regarded as worthy the cloth he wears?"

"Really, Mr. Westlake, you would have surprised me very much if you hadn't brought Miss Joyce with you. I knew already that she was the granddaughter of Mr. Harryton, and I knew that Dr. Breyerton exercises a great deal of influence over that old man."

"That isn't the question, sir. We are interested in knowing if you regard him as worthy to have such an influence."

"Frankly, no."

"Why?"

"I can only say that he is not in good standing with the church. He is what you would call an independent. We cannot keep him from adopting our forms, but we can say that he has nothing further in common with us. The little chapel he has is part of the school property. Who the Breyertons are, I cannot say."

Westlake then told Dr. Haldane a few facts in regard to the situation, and received the rector's assurance of his cordial support in any undertaking that had for its object the finding out of the true condition of Mr. Harryton.

"I wish to congratulate you on your engagement to one of my fairest parishioners," declared Dr. Haldane. "I hope to officiate, and then to have you in my own flock."

Westlake was dumfounded. Dr. Haldane pointed to the society page of a New York paper. The same story that had appeared the previous afternoon was there in all its horror of black headlines and pictures. Miss Joyce looked at him, a look more in sorrow than in anger.

"It's all a mistake," he stammered. "I don't know how that got into print."

"I hope the power of the press will not be lost in this case," smiled the rector. "I have been invited to dine at Hjelmer's Hall this evening to meet you."

"Good heavens! Do you think Miss Bardeen has seen that?"

Westlake knew she had, but the question was put because of its moral effect on Virginia.

At the door Dr. Haldane again reiterated his delight at the announcement, saying what a favorite he knew Mr. Westlake was with both Mrs. Bardeen and her daughter.

"Remember what I said about the power of the press," was his smiling injunction as they got into the motor-car.

"That's what we all hope," added Goodnoe, for Virginia's benefit. "New York has done nothing but talk of the engagement for a year, and I hope they give the final, official announcement soon."

Westlake was choking with rage, but could only pretend to smile. As for the girl, a red spot glowed on each cheek and she sat with eyes downcast.

Henri, having heard the last few words, thought they were bound for Hjelmer's Hall. At the road he turned and asked:

"Hjelmer's Hall, sir?"

"No, you fool!" roared Westlake. "Take us to The Haven."

CHAPTER XXII.

There was a good deal of constraint exhibited on the ride from Dr. Haldane's to The Haven. Miss Joyce answered all inquiries briefly and pointedly, but at other times held her peace. Westlake and Goodnoe carried on a desultory conversation, but it was plainly to be seen that the millionaire was as low in his mind as was his fair charge.

As they passed slowly through Melhurst, Pettus ran out from the little tavern and hailed them. Westlake got out of the machine and joined him on the sidewalk.

"Any news?"

"None of the Breyertons went to New York. A couple of the girls went in with a teacher, but that isn't unusual. The automobile was driven by the negro chauffeur. As soon as he had deposited his passengers he started back. I asked him to take me, but he said he couldn't, that he wasn't going to the school."

"Where's he bound?"

"I don't know. He put off at top speed."

"Well, get in and go back with us."

"I can't. I've got in a call to New York."

"Then come on as soon as you can, if you think best after talking with Gallagher."

"Where'll I find you?"

"We're going to The Haven. Keinburg or Sankey will be about the lodge, and we shall determine what to do next when we have talked with them."

Westlake went back to the automobile, and in reply to inquisitive looks could only answer that none of the Breyertons had left Melhurst.

Thinking strategy better than any display of force which might prove abortive and therefore worse than useless, no attempt was made to go up to the house until the lay of the land had been learned. Henri stopped the machine at Westlake's order at the side of the road just north of the lodge. The two men and the girl walked back to Sankey's house.

Old Mrs. Sankey was pottering around in the kitchen, but neither her husband nor Keinberg was there. She was glad to see Virginia, but could give them no information. Mr. Sankey had gone up to the house over an hour ago. As for a man looking like an artist, she hadn't seen one; but maybe her husband had.

The three invaders decided to wait for a time in the stuffy little parlor in the hope that Keinburg or Sankey would return with news of what was happening. It was no less awkward waiting in silence than had been the recent ride with its periods of constrained silence. Virginia was much depressed, and Westlake was consumed with speechless rage. He knew that it would be of no avail for him to say anything. Even if he did, he felt that he would speak with such violence as to break the Pact of the Lily Pond. Everything considered, he decided that it would not be best to refer in any manner to his supposed engagement to Miss Bardeen. Time would have to bring about the explanation which he hoped would be satisfactory.

"By the way, Goodnoe, you were going to call your office this morning and find out about that newspaper bull." He spoke aside so that Miss Joyce did not hear.

"I know, but I forgot. Well, I can't do it now. Remind me of it when we get to some convenient place."

"Also have the paper call Mrs. Bardeen. She'll deny it, and that's all I ask."

Looking out of the window, Miss Joyce saw Karl Keinburg walking down the drive from the house. She called to him and he came across the few feet of lawn to the lodge.

"What did you find out, Karl?" the girl asked, taking the questioning into her own hands.

"I found out that he didn't want to subscribe to a sailors' home," smiled the artist.

"Did you see him?"

"No."

"Did you ask for him?"

"Yes, they said he was too sick to see me. I guess he was. I never saw such a bustle and commotion."

"Whom did you see?"

"It must have been Wilbur Breyerton. Not a bad-looking young fellow with red hair and a sticky smile. He said he was Mr. Harryton's secretary."

"Didn't you see Mrs. Breyerton?"

"No."

"Where was Sankey?"

"He walked up to the house with me, but I don't know what became of him."

Westlake here broke in with a few questions of his own.

"What caused all the bustle and commotion?"

"They said it was because Mr. Harryton was dying."

"What! Why didn't you say so at once? Here we're doing nothing, wasting valuable time."

A look of anguish stole over the girl's face.

"Perhaps it is better so," she murmured. "Then I shall be free from my promise to mother. I've done all I could."

"No, Virginia, there are yet some things to do. Perhaps this is a false alarm. Let us hope so. Goodnoe, what's to be done?"

"Nothing, unless you wish to create a scene and secure a lot of unpleasant publicity."

"What's that to me so long as I am protecting this girl's rights?"

They had all walked out on the porch, and now their attention was caught by the whir of an automobile coming from the house. There in the machine, driven by his negro chauffeur, sat Dr. Penfield Breyerton. He was not going so fast but that he recognized Miss Joyce and her two companions. On beholding them he smiled maliciously, and waved a paper at them. Then he seemed to throw himself back on the cushions and howl with laughter.

No sooner had they recovered from this surprise than old Sankey was seen trudging down the drive. The three hastened to him to learn the news from the house.

"What's happened, Sankey?" called Westlake.

"Don't take it too hard, miss," the old man said to Virginia. "Your grandfather's dying. He just made his will. I was a witness."

"What became of the document?" flashed Goodnoe.

"Dr. Penfield Breyerton took it away with him."

"We've lost, Westlake."

"Lost! lost! Man, you're just beginning the biggest fight of your life."

"No, no, no!" begged the girl.

"What are you fighting for?" asked the lawyer.

"For the biggest prize in the world—Virginia and happiness."

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

Her Explanation.

"You asked what the trump was at least a dozen times last night!"

"Yes, Charley, dear. But I didn't really have to. I did that to show I was taking an interest in the game."

The Weakest Link

By James C. Threlfall

He threw her over the rail.

A CHAIN is no stronger than its weakest link. We have a perfect right to use the expression, because if it was ever copyrighted the copyright has long since expired.

The weakest link in the character of Joe Chaventez had been his attitude toward women. We say "had been" advisedly, for had you met him that blustery December night as he made his way up one side of Market street, San Francisco, and had asked him for his personal opinion of the fair sex, the requested opinion would have been punctured with such a variety of sulphurous adjectives as would have seared your very ears with their fieriness.

He would have told you that he was done with women for all time. For Joe was just returning to public life after a ten years' sojourn at San Quentin penitentiary. For the sojourn he held a woman responsible, since the said woman revealed to the general public certain plans of Joe's which he had meant for her to keep to herself.

Joe was twenty-four years old when he laid away his civilian suit and became a nonentity with a shaved head and a number. He was thirty-four years old when he left, and might have easily passed for forty-four, thanks to the rigors of the prison life he had passed through.

As he made his way leisurely up the street and tried to pick out in the unfamiliar buildings the locations of the old landmarks he had known and loved in before-the-quake times, Joe considered plans for the future. He had nine dollars and thirty-five cents remaining of the ten dollars the warden had turned over to him that morning.

It behooved him, therefore, to prepare for the future. If the truth were known, few of the plans which surged through Joe's brain were particularly honest ones. He had never worked for a living in the old days, and he felt that now, since he had been robbed of society for so many years, he was more justified than ever in collecting from society such tribute as he could in such ways as he could.

He turned off at Kearney street and made for the Barbary Coast. He felt hungry for the sight of some one he had known. In the hangers-on and the riffraff that infest that malodorous neighborhood, Joe felt confident that he would find some familiar face of San Quentin or possibly pre-San Quentin days.

The garish lights of Pacific street glowed a welcome to him, and he went into one of the low dance-halls with which that street is lined. A band was blaring forth ragtime from a platform at one end of the room, and a half-dozen couples were noisily dancing an accompaniment on the dusty floor. A woman sat huddled over one of the tables near the door. Joe took his place at another and ordered a glass of beer from a frowsy waiter. The woman at the adjoining table came over and asked Joe if she might have "one" on him.

Her voice was harsh and thick, and yet there was something oddly familiar about it. Instead of telling her briefly and succinctly, as he had meant to, to go to—somewhere else, Joe looked up at her face.

Across one temple was a faintish red scar quite two inches in length, and her upper teeth were prominent and were bridged with a gold band, both of which facial blemishes Joe had the strongest reason in the world to remember. It was the woman who had betrayed him to the authorities ten years ago.

Her lips had a trifle more carmine on them than when he saw her last. Her cheeks required a great deal of rouge to cover the depredations that time and dissipation had made, and yet there was no need for a second glance.

It was the woman who had "snitched," all right. It was the woman he had hoped so keenly to meet some day and render an accounting with, and here she was, the first woman to cross his path on this, his first night of freedom.

He drew his breath through his clenched teeth and passed his hand across his lips before he dared to reply, and then he whispered an invitation to her to be seated. He pointed at his throat to show why he whispered.

Joe bought the beer the woman asked for and many more. She sat and talked ramblingly about the town and the fair that was to be and how slow "business" was.

When Joe had known her in the other time she had been a waitress. No need to ask what she was now. There was never any uncertainty about the profession followed by ladies one met on Pacific street.

Joe drew the line at beer. When his companion asked for more expensive drinks he shook his head sadly but firmly. He danced a few turns with her the length of the hall to the accompaniment of the blaring orchestra. It had been so long since he had danced that his movements were stiff and awkward.

He learned from the woman's talk that she was rooming in Oakland. He was rooming there himself, he said, and should he take her home when she was ready to go? She would be glad to have his company, and since it was already past midnight they might as well start out for the ferry, she said.

The woman covered her tawdry finery with a long cloak, cashed in the checks which represented her evening's commissions on liquor and dancing, and the two derelicts proceeded down the street in the direction of the bay.

Joe took a circuitous route which led the two through a number of back alleys, the woman holding to his arm wonderingly but unquestioningly. She was a frail thing, no heavier than a well-developed child, and as they stumbled through the unfamiliar passageways there was more than one shadowed spot where Joe could have choked the breath out of her and thrown her lifeless body to one side with perfect safety.

And yet he groped on. Once he grasped her closely in one arm with the determination to act. The woman accepted the token indifferently as a caress. Joe vacillated in his purpose for an instant. The next the passageway made a sudden detour, and they were on Market street within a block of the ferries.

The Oakland boat was just ready to leave when the two boarded it. He led the woman to the rear of the cabin and they were seated. She sat huddled up with her elbows on her knees. Joe looked at her for a moment almost pityingly. Then the thought of the ten years of his wasted life returned to him, and the feeling of pity froze in his heart. He began even to fear that the woman would regard Death with the apathy with which she greeted Life, and the administering of it to her would be but tame revenge.

It was blustery on the bay that night. The other passengers on the boat had all gone inside the cabin. Joe and his companion had the deck to themselves.

Joe slipped his arm around the woman's waist and drew her close to him. In his hand was clenched a handkerchief. It was a good stout handkerchief. Joe knew, for it was made of prison materials.

"Do you know I am quite sure that you and I have met before." Joe no longer whispered. The woman tried to rise at the sudden change in his voice, but he restrained her. "Look back there a minute and I'll tell you where." He motioned toward the lights of the receding city.

The woman turned her head. Joe tightened his hold upon her, grasped her roughly with the other hand, and before she could cry out he twisted the handkerchief into her mouth and knotted it around the back of her head.

"And now since you can't cry out and disturb my plans, I am free to continue the introduction," he said. "Joe Chaventez, at your service."

She gave a gasp and struggled to free herself. Joe forced her arms slowly to her side, and holding her thus pinioned in his arms rose to his feet.

"I am also free to tell you," he continued, "exactly what I am going to do with you. I am going to throw you overboard, and, since the moon is momentarily out from behind the clouds and I want to see you drown, I must not longer delay the ceremony."

Joe's revenge was going to be sweet after all. The woman fought as though life held great and good and wonderful things in store for her, even yet. Weak as she was, she twisted and squirmed in Joe's arms, and managed to loosen one of her arms from his restraining hold. She dug her fingernails into Joe's face, bringing a great red gash across one cheek, but the man pinioned her arms again to her side.

"You kissed me the evening you turned me over to the officers," he said, as he drew her face near his own. "I have never had a chance to return the kiss." He kissed her once, and then again, on the painted face, then threw her with all his strength ten feet over the rail of the boat and into the swirling waters.

He folded his arms and rested them on the rail and watched her. He could see her face as she floated for a moment on the surface, buoyed up by her cloak. Somehow it didn't seem so pleasant watching the woman drown as he had anticipated that it would be.

He should not have kissed her before throwing her over. He had meant only to kiss her the once. That last kiss had been entirely uncalled for. It had sent the blood hissing and surging through his veins. It had been ten years since he had kissed a woman.

The cloak, after what seemed an interminably long time to Joe, soaked up, and the woman went under for the first time. It could have been only an instant from the time she disappeared until her head again appeared above the surface. And yet that instant worked a remarkable change in the plans of Joe Chaventez.

Instead of remaining at the rail as he had intended doing, he rushed to the side of the cabin, tore a life-preserver from its fastenings there, shouted, "Man overboard!" and leaped in the direction of the woman. He reached her side just as she was going down for the third time.

When he had been a boy he had been a good swimmer. There was one thing that always kept him from venturing beyond his depth. His limbs had a way of cramping on him unceremoniously at unexpected times. Just as he reached the side of the woman as she came up for the last time, he felt this old familiar cramp creeping up his left side. The life-preserver would not sustain the weight of two inert persons.

Joe realized that he could not save the woman and himself, and yet he managed somehow to fight the clutch of the cramp off long enough to slip the preserver over the woman's head and pull her arms through it. That would be sufficient, he reasoned, until help came. Then he doubled up like a clothespin, and slid supinely back into the waters of the bay.

❦ ❦ ❦

What He Wanted.

Jo Curtis, who owned land on which there was good shooting, had inserted alluring advertisements in the town papers without obtaining any marked result. After much consideration he decided to let it out by the day to whatever sportsman happened to come his way. One day a party arrived and paid a day's hire. They tried to persuade the farmer to accompany them, but he noticed the way they held their guns and declined. Instead, he gave them dogs and ferrets, and bade them have a good day's sport.

There was an ample amount of banging as the day wore on, and in the afternoon one of the gunners returned to the farmhouse.

"Hello!" said the farmer. "Shot all the birds?"

"Er—n—no," hesitatingly replied the sportsman.

"Been goin' for the rabbits, eh? Any luck?"

"Not exactly," said the other.

"What have you come back for then?"

"Er—well, we want to know if you can let us have some more dogs and ferrets, we've used them all up."

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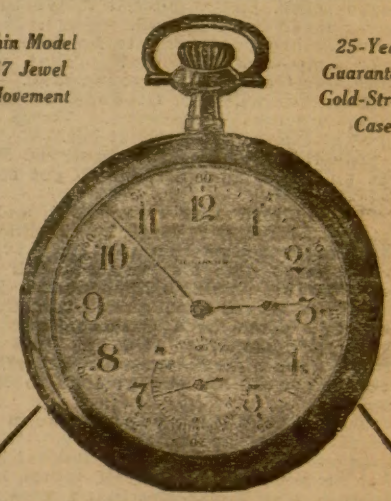

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THE CALL TO ARMS

Or, The Testing of Souls

By Emma Howard Wight

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CHAPTER XI.

"I LOVE YOU!"

SEVERAL weeks had passed. It was a chill October day, with gray skies and a wailing wind. In Granny Ann's cabin, Helen stood beside the bed on which the aged negress lay. The gray light crept in at the window and mingled with the red, dancing light of the fire.

"Am dat you, young mistis?" queried Granny Ann, peering at the queenly figure standing so still beside the bed.

"Yes, it is I, Granny Ann." Helen replied, gently. "Rosine has gone to the house to rest. I shall stay with you for a while. Do you feel any stronger today?"

"No, honey, ole Granny Ann nebber gwine to feel no stronger in dis heah worl'," said the old darky. "I'se been heah a long time, but now my feet am drawin' nigh to de dark ribber, my long journey am nearly ober. I'se bery ole, young missy, I'se bery ole. My arms war de fust dat held yo' gran'daddy when he war born, and dat war sebenty yeahs ago. I war marr'ed and had a baby ob my own, but de ole mistis, yo' great-gran'mudder, would hab me up to de big house fo' to nuss her baby. So I done lef' de cabin and my li'l' brack chickaninny and come to de big house. And I nebber lubed none ob my own chillen lak I lubbed dat li'l' white baby. And de day comed when dese heah hands ob mine close his eyes in deaf. He nebber had but one chile, yo' mammy, Miss Ad'laide. And now she gone, too, and ole Granny Ann still heah."

Her voice trailed off into silence, and she fell into a sleep that has half stupor. Helen stood looking down with a mixture of awe and wonder upon the old, old face. Then she turned and went to the fire. She stood gazing into the leaping flames; her eyes grew dreamy and a faint, tender smile crept about her lips.

The door opened softly and Major Thornton stood upon the threshold. Helen did not hear him enter. He stood, for a moment, his fine, gray-clad figure outlined against the gray light, looking at her with a tender light in his eyes. Then he quietly closed the door and moved toward her. She looked up flushing. He came and stood beside her.

"Rosine told me that I would find you here," he said. "I came, for I wanted very much to see you."

There was that in his eyes, his voice, which caused her eyes to sink.

"I came to stay with Granny Ann," she said, rather uncertainly. "She is ill."

He moved a little nearer to her.

"I have come to say good-by," he said.

She lifted her eyes and looked at him.

"To say good-by?" she repeated, mechanically.

"Yes, I am going tomorrow to join the Confederate troops at Fisher's Hill," he explained.

She bravely suppressed the sigh that rose to her lips and looked at him with a smile.

"I am sure you are very glad," she said.

"Glad?" he smiled sadly. "I ought to be glad, but I am not. Can't you guess why?"

She looked down, slightly shaking her head.

"I will tell you. It is the parting with you that hurts, for I love you. I love you, dear, with all my heart, with all my soul. Helen," he took her hand gently, "do you love me?"

"Yes," she replied, lifting her eyes to his. "I have loved you ever since that night on the battlefield."

He drew her in his arms.

"My life belongs to you, dear one," he murmured.

She clung to him shivering a little.

"Yes, if this cruel war spares you to me," she whispered.

She was a brave woman, but the bravest woman falters and weakens when danger threatens the man she loves.

"My life has grown infinitely precious to me," he declared, with a smile. "I shall guard it carefully. God willing, I shall return to claim my bride."

"And if you should not return, I shall be faithful to my love for you till death," she said.

"Helen," his arms clasped her closer and he looked down pleadingly, with eager eyes, into her face, "marry me tonight. Will you, dear?"

"Yes, if you wish it," she replied, simply.

He touched his lips to her dark hair, then gently released her.

"I will go now," he said. "And return this evening at about seven o'clock with a clergyman."

She inclined her head.

"I shall be ready.

"Young mistis!" murmured Granny Ann.

Helen went up to the bed. Major Thornton followed her.

"Do you want anything, Granny Ann?" asked Helen.

Granny Ann did not appear to hear her. Her eyes were fixed upon the tall, soldierly form of the young officer.

"Am dis heah gempman yo' sweetheart, young mistis?" she asked.

"Yes, Granny Ann, he is my sweetheart," Helen replied.

"He am a mighty good-lookin' gempman," declared Granny Ann. "I likes his looks. You is a soldier, sah?"

"Yes, I am a soldier," replied Major Thornton.

Granny Ann shook her head.

"Don't you let him go 'way to de wah, young mistis, fo' dem dat goes 'way to de wah don't allers come back. I seen yo' greatgran'modder and yo' gran'fader and yo' mammy marr'ed, young mistis. But I be dade and gone befo' yo' time comes."

"Oh, no," declared Helen, with a smile, "for I am to be married tonight."

"'Deed?" cried Granny Ann. "I wish I war spry 'nough to git up to de big house fo' to see you marr'ed, young mistis."

"Would you like to see me married, Granny Ann?" asked Helen, gently.

"Deed I would, honey," replied the old darky.

"Very well, then; you shall. We will be married here, right beside your bed." She glanced at Major Thornton, who nodded approvingly.

"I hopes de good Lawd gwine to let me stay heah dat long," said Granny Ann. "Den I'se ready fo' to go, fo' I'se bery ole, I'se bery ole."

Her voice died away, her eyes closed and she appeared to sleep, but as Helen turned away from the bed, she aroused.

"Young mistis, in de cedar chist up in de attic at de big house am yo' mammy's weddin' dress," she said. Again her voice died away and her eyes closed. She was sleeping.

Helen turned to Major Thornton. "I think she wants me to wear my mother's wedding gown," she said.

"Why not?" he queried, smilingly.

"I have heard Rosine say that my mother was so exquisitely beautiful in her wedding gown," murmured Helen.

"You will be beautiful, too," said Major Thornton, as he took her in his arms and kissed her.

They left the cabin and walked slowly toward the house.

"What a dreary day!" murmured Helen, shivering in the chill wind.

They parted at the steps leading up on the porch. Helen stood for a moment looking after her lover with tender eyes; then she turned and passed into the house.

In the hall she met Rosine. "Come to my room, Rosine," she said.

Rosine followed. Helen turned to her and said:

"I am going to be married to Major Thornton tonight."

"Ya'as, ma'am," murmured Rosine, calmly.

Helen looked at her. "You do not seem surprised," she said.

Rosine shook her head, with a grim smile.

"I didn't 'spect fo' you to git marr'ed dis soon, young mistis," she replied. "But I knowed dat you and dat young off'cer dade in love wid each oder. Nobody help seein' dat."

Helen flushed; then she smiled.

"Was it so very perceptible?" she murmured. "Major Thornton will go away to join the Confederate troops at Fisher's Hill tomorrow," she continued. Rosine looked quietly at her mistress. There was no sign of pity or compassion on her face. "I want you to bring my mother's wedding gown from the attic."

Rosine started and her face changed. A mingled expression of resentment, anger, and rebellion flashed across it. She opened her lips as though to speak, but the next moment she controlled herself. Obedience and submission were part of her blood. Her eyes fell, she turned and went silently from the room.

In the dark, gloom of the attic, she crouched on the floor beside the cedar chest for some little time before she found courage to open it. If she had loved Helen, she would not have so passionately resented her wearing the beloved mistress' wedding gown. But she did not, and the mere thought was agony.

At length, she unlocked the chest and lifted out the white wedding gown. She held it to her breast and, a low cry left her lips.

"Oh mistis! my deah, deah mistis!" she moaned.

CHAPTER XII.

"HE KILLED DE MASSA."

Linda stood in Granny Ann's cabin and looked about her approvingly. The room was lighted by delicately shaded lamps brought from the big house. There were great bunches of white chrysanthemums and sprays of goldenrod on the low wooden mantel over the fireplace. On the window-sill was a vase filled with late roses.

Granny Ann, in a spotless white nightgown and a nightcap, elaborately frilled, was propped up in bed with snowy pillows. A quilt, wonderfully woven of many colors, covered the bed.

"I'se gwine to de big house now fo' to dress de young mistis, Granny Ann," said Linda, going up to the bed. "You take a li'l' nap so you be spry fo' de weddin'."

Granny Ann gave a cackling laugh.

"I dressed de young mistis' great-gran'mudder fo' her weddin' nigh on to eighty yeahs ago," she murmured.

"De land sakes!" exclaimed Linda, as she went toward the door.

The tall form of a man was standing just outside the cabin door.

"Lindy!" he cried.

The girl drew a sharp breath.

"Samson!"

"Ya'as, Lindy, it's me. I'se done come back," said Samson, humbly.

As she dressed her mistress, Linda told her of Samson's return.

"Dat nigger, he done got his fill ob freedom," Linda explained. "He say thar ain't no place lak de ole home, arter all."

Helen looked kindly at the girl's bright face.

"I am glad that Samson has come back, Linda," she said. I reckon you and he will be getting married now."

Linda hung her head and giggled. "I reckon so, young mistis."

Samson was in the pantry helping Rosine prepare the wedding supper.

"I heahs a buggy and hoss comin'," she said, "I reckon it Major Thornton and de preacher. You go meet 'em, Samson."

Samson went out. In about five minutes he returned.

"War it dem?" asked Rosine.

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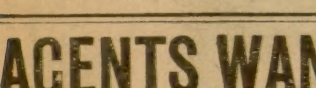

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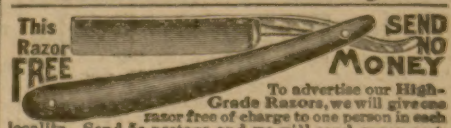

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"Ya'as."

Samson stood looking at Rosine, a strange scared expression in his eyes.

"What de mattah wid you, Samson?" exclaimed Rosine, staring at him.

"Rosine," the darky spoke in a half-whisper, "dat off'cer what de young mistis am gwine to marry am de man what killed de massa."

Rosine drew a hissing breath. "Am you sho' ob dat?" she asked, tensely.

"Ya'as, as sho' as I am dat I am libin'," replied Samson. "Dat young off'cer am de one I seed ride back and shoot de massa fru de heart. I nebber fo'git his face. Rosine, do you reckon de young mistis knows?"

"Ob co'se she don't know," replied Rosine. "There was a look of grim determination on her face. "But she gwine to know, fo' I'se gwine to tell her." She went toward the door. "De young mistis kyant marry de man what kill her father and her mother."

She went out.

Upstairs in her bedroom, Helen stood dressed for her wedding. Linda stood a little way off regarding her admiringly.

"You sholy do look lubly, young mistis," she declared.

Helen cast a shy glance at herself in the mirror.

Rosine entered. A spasm of pain quivered across her face at the sight of the tall, queenly, white-robed figure. There arose before her a vision of her dead mistress as she looked on her wedding-day. The slim, graceful figure, the exquisite, flower-like face and glittering golden hair under the bridal veil. The dark-eyed, dark-haired, queenly girl was so unlike that other most lovely bride.

"Don't the young mistis look bootiful, Rosine?" exclaimed Linda.

Rosine looked at her coolly, ignoring the question.

"Leab de room," she said, "I wants to speak to de young mistis alone."

Linda went out. Rosine moved nearer to her mistress. Helen stood regarding her gravely, questioningly. There was that in the face of the mulatto woman which struck a chill to her heart.

"What is it?" she asked. "What have you to say to me?"

There was no love in the mulatto woman's heart for her young mistress to prompt her to gentleness and consideration. She made no attempt to prepare her for the shock she knew her words must prove. She spoke with cruel abruptness.

"Major Thornton am de man what shot de massa."

Helen caught her breath, then she smiled.

"I do not believe it," she declared, with the light of a beautiful faith in her dark eyes. "If that were so, Major Thornton would have told me. He is incapable of deceiving me."

"It am de truf," said Rosine, doggedly.

"Who told you this?" asked Helen.

"Samson."

Helen started.

"Samson?"

"Ya'as, he 'lows dat Major Thornton am de man he seen shoot de massa. Young mistis, you won't marry de man what killed yo' father and yo' mother? Fo' he done kill de mistis same as though he done shot her fru de heart, too. You kyant keep on lovin' him now dat you knows what he hab done. I hates him!" A fierce light burned in her eyes. "And dey war yo' own flesh and blood. You loved yo' father, ef you didn't love——"

"Stop!" Helen lifted her hand with an imperious gesture. The mulatto woman shrank a little under the flashing light in her eyes. "You forget yourself!" Rosine looked down and was silent. "Go to Major Thornton and tell him I wish to speak to him in the library," added Helen.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I CANNOT MARRY YOU."

As Rosine turned and went out, Helen turned and looked at herself curiously in the mirror. The pale face and wide, frightened eyes seemed strange to her. It was so different from that radiant, flushed face that the mirror had given back only a few moments before.

"It isn't true," she said to the white-robed, pale-faced girl in the mirror. "He would not have deceived me, loved me, married me, knowing—that. I will go to him and he will tell me it is not true." She turned and went slowly toward the door.

He was waiting for her when she entered the library. His eyes lighted passionately at the sight of her, and he came toward her with outstretched arms. She stopped him with a gesture, her pathetic eyes mutely questioning him.

"What is it, Helen?" he asked, anxiously. "You are distressed, troubled?"

She smiled wanly.

"Yes, I am troubled," she replied.

"My dearest, tell me what is troubling you." He spoke with infinite tenderness and great gentleness.

It was a moment before she spoke.

"You know, do you not, that my father was an officer in the Federal Army?" she questioned.

He started.

"An officer in the Federal Army!" he repeated, slowly. He paused. "No. I have always been under the impression that he was an officer in the Confederate Army."

A sick dread contracted her heart. She steadied her voice with an effort.

"No, my father was not in the Confederate Army," she said. "He was an officer in the Federal Army—Colonel Lansdale. He was killed——" She stopped abruptly.

Major Thornton had dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. She grew very white as she stood looking at him. There was a moment's silence.

"Then it is true?" she murmured.

He arose and looked at her, pale and troubled.

"Yes, it is true that your father died by my hand," he said. "But I did not know until this moment that the Federal officer, Colonel Lansdale, was your father." A little sigh of relief quivered across her lips. Her faith in him had not been misplaced. "I had never questioned but that your father was in the Confederate Army."

"My father was a Northern man, though he had lived for many years in the South," she explained.

"I see," he murmured. "Helen, you will not let this make any difference between you and me?"

"I loved my father so dearly, I cannot marry the man who killed him," she replied.

"Helen!" Her name came from his lips like a cry of pain.

"If you had killed him in the heat of battle it would not seem so cruel," she continued. "But you shot him down in cold blood. I know according to the ethics of war you were perfectly justified—that all is supposed to be fair in war."

"Then——" he stopped as she shook her head.

"But I would never be able to forget," she declared.

"I would make you forget," he cried, with passionate eagerness. "I love you! I love you! I would make you happy, so happy that you could not remember."

A wan smile crossed her lips.

"I am afraid it would not be possible for you to cause me to forget or to make me happy," she said. "And we would both be miserable. The shock of my father's death killed my mother. No, no, it cannot be! Our love would be haunted by a specter. Do not plead with me further, do not try to change my resolution. It will only cause us both pain, and is—useless. Let us part now and forever."

He looked at her with something like despair in his blue-gray eyes. His face was as white as it had been that night on the battlefield. In her white robes, her pallor, she looked like a marble woman, save for the darkness of her eyes, hair and brows. Her lips were tense, her eyes steady despite their sadness. Had she been a weaker woman he might have pleaded with her further, but, knowing her as he did, he felt that it would be useless.

"Since I have loved you, I believed you had saved my life to bless it," he said. He took her hand and lifted it to his lips. "I shall love you till I die. Good-by!"

He was gone. She was alone.

"Linda, ain't it mos' time fo' de weddin'?" asked Granny Ann, as Linda came into the cabin.

Linda had been weeping. She wiped her eyes as she came and stood beside the bed. She had come to tell Granny Ann that there would be no wedding, but the words died on her lips as she looked at the old, old face upon which the ashen shadow of death lay heavily.

"Dey won't be long now," she replied.

"I'se gittin' tired waitin', Lindy," murmured Granny Ann. She lay silent for a few moments, as Linda stood trembling beside the bed. "De bridegroom am comin'. I'se got my lamp trim' and bu'nin'."

There was silence. Granny Ann had gone to that land where "there is no marrying nor giving in marriage."

The white chrysanthemums and goldenrod, with which Linda had decorated the little room in the cabin, were strewn upon the coffin of Granny Ann; they withered and died upon her grave.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

"I jes' wish you'd done kept yo' mouf shet 'bout Major Thornton, Samson," said Linda. "It breaks my heart to see my young mistis' pale, sad face. As ef she hadn't had 'nough sorrer. And jes' as she war 'bout to be happy, you comes back and sp'iles it all. I wish you nebber had come back."

"Ever since that night on the battlefield."

"Lindy, don't say dat!" entreated Samson.

"Well, I does wish you'd stayed 'way till de young mistis and Major Thornton war safe marr'ed," declared Linda.

Samson stared. "Would you want de young mistis to marry de man what killed her father, Lindy?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Ya'as, I would," declared Linda, unhesitatingly. "I wants my deah young mistis to be happy.

"I wish I hadn't sade nuffin," murmured Samson, dejectedly. "But I done thought it war de right thing fo' to do."

At daybreak on the 19th of October, Helen was awakened by a burst of musketry. She sat up in bed, listening. The firing continued.

"They are fighting," she murmured.

She got out of bed, slipped on a dressing gown, and went downstairs and out on the porch. It was still dark with the first glimmerings of day showing in the east. The din of battle came from the direction of Cedar Creek where the Federals were encamped. It was not until several hours later that it was known in Winchester that General Early had attacked the Federals at Cedar Creek. It was then that General Sheridan started from Winchester on his famous ride to Cedar Creek.

All day the battle raged. Helen, a sick

fear at her heart, prayed again and again for the safety of the man she loved. And the long agony of that day broke her will. She loved him—nothing else mattered any more.

At sunset Linda went in search of Samson.

"Samson," she said, "you go try and find Major Thornton. He war in dat battle. Ef you finds him alibe, tell him to come heah to Willow Lawn."

"Did de young mistis say fo' me to do that?" queried Samson, curiously.

"Nebber you mind 'bout dat," replied Linda. "My young mistis am mighty sorry she done send him 'way. I kin see dat. You git him heah, and mebbe I gwine to fo'guv you fo' de sorrer you done cause my young mistis."

"And will you marry me, Lindy?" asked Samson, eagerly.

"When I see de sad look gone frum my mistis' face and de happiness in her eyes ag'in, den I marry you Samson," replied Linda, crisply.

"I'se gwine to find dat young off'cer ef he's in de land ob de libin', declared Samson.

The next moment he was gone. Three hours later he returned and found Linda waiting for him on the front porch.

"Well?" she queried, breathlessly.

"I done foun' him," replied Samson, with a chuckle. "He war in de horspital at Middletown wid a broken arm. He'll be heah tomorrer."

Linda clapped her hands joyously.

"Won't my young mistis be happy den?" she cried. "Oh, Lawdy! I am so happy myse'f I don't know what to do."

"I tell you what to do, Lindy," said Sampson. He slipped his arm about her waist. "Guv me a kiss."

"Well, I reckon you deserves it," declared Linda, as she complied.

The next morning, Linda knelt at her young mistress' feet and told her what she had done and that Major Thornton would come that day.

"You won't send him 'way, young mistis?" she pleaded.

"No," replied Helen, softly, "I won't send him away."

The End.

* * *

Romantic Wife—"I wonder if the old oak tree under which you proposed is still standing?"

Mean Husband—"Naw! I went back the next year and chopped it down."

* * *

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"I never realize I have nerves, and my stomach and bowels are in fine condition. My brain is perfectly clear and I am enjoying that state of health which God intended his creatures should enjoy and which all might have, by giving proper attention to their food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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Yes, I've had some pretty wild experiences. See those gray hairs just over the temple? They came of one of 'em. At least I never knew I had a gray hair until after that day. It was up in the mountains—out in British Columbia—where they were building a railroad through the Rockies. The air was full of the smell of burnt powder, and the earth shook under your feet night and day with the explosion of dynamite. There was one section alone where they "shot" off 10,000,000 pounds of black powder, dynamite and virite, and the game had gone off thirty miles from each side of the right of way. But this isn't the story—and yet it's got something to do with it, after all; for on that particular day I had a twenty-mile tramp after mountain goat, and when I was about four miles from camp I was all played out. I had the right of way, and was following the contractor's wagon trail, when I saw a team and wagon pulling up slowly behind me. Seeing a chance for a ride, I waited. There was the most lugubrious-looking chap on the seat I ever saw, and I was grinning before I spoke. His eyes bulged out like peeled onions, his lips were thin and set, and he was so thin that you could have put two of him behind a fair-sized sapling. He was at least six feet tall, and the way he humped over reminded me of a dachshund. And sour! The look in his face would have curdled milk.

"Will you give me a ride, friend?" I asked.

He cast one strange, unsympathetic look at me and grunted.

"Suppose so—if you want it!"

That was all, and I climbed up beside him. Inside of three minutes I knew I was with a crazy man. I began talking to him cheerfully; but he wouldn't answer. I talked about hunting, the climate, horses, and railroads; but I couldn't so much as get another grunt out of him. He held the reins tightly with one hand, and with the other clutched the wagon brake as though he was eternally thinking himself going down hill. He regarded every little stone and stick in the road as though it was a mountain or a pitfall, and once, when we ran over a small bowlder, his face set in a fierce grimace and I could see his teeth clinched tight. And then it happened. One of those spruce chickens we call fool-hens in the mountains got up in front of the horses with a roar of wings, and the team set off at a frightened gallop. It wasn't a fast gallop, but as I hung on with both hands I couldn't help grinning to see how scared my strange companion was. He yelled and pleaded and tugged back on the reins, and his eyes seemed ready to pop. Then I laughed. I couldn't help it, for, although we were getting an infernal bouncing, there wasn't any danger. But the sweat started out on that poor chap's face and he gave me just one quick, pitying look. Then, right ahead of us, the road became mighty rough. It was filled with rocks and chopped-down stumps, and the team started out at a fresh lick, as though they meant to give us a bouncing that would rattle every bone in our bodies. Then my insane companion gave something like a war whoop, dropped the reins, and leaped off the wagon—and as he went yelled:

"Jump! For God's sake, jump!"

"He's foolish in the garret," was the thought that ran through my mind, and I caught up the reins and couldn't help from turning back a grinning face as I saw him pick himself up and stare after me. "These mountains drive people mad," I told myself, as I tugged at the lines. "They've driven that poor fellow dippy, and I'm going to tell contractor Hogan about his queer actions when we get to camp. I don't believe——"

But all other thought was bumped out of me at that moment. I never had such a ride as I had over those nigger-heads and stumps, and I could hear the boxes with which the wagon was loaded bumping about and crashing together in amazing fashion. I lost my hat, my gun, and there wasn't a bone in my body that didn't get its separate and individual jar. I had to set my teeth to keep 'em from breaking, and I thought it was a mighty lucky thing all canned stuff was sent to the camps in tin cans and not glass, or the load would be pulverized. We hadn't more than got over the rough place when the team slowed down to a walk, and I stopped the horses and looked back. There was that human walking stick coming up on a slow run. I was puffing hard when he came alongside, and I wondered how his eyes still hung in. Trying to be pleasant, I said:

"How the deuce did you ever happen to fall off? But I don't believe you got a much worse jolt than I did coming over those rocks. If it hasn't broken everything up I miss my guess."

He never said a word for a minute, but climbed up, took the reins, and then turned his onion eyes on me and said, like one coming out of a dream:

"You—danged—fool!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Is that my thanks for sticking here and doing your work?"

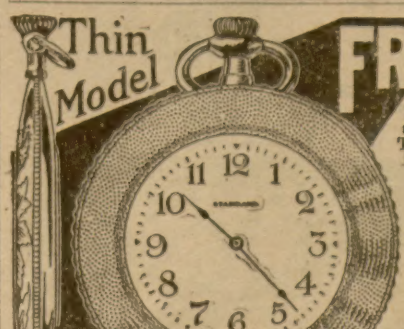
I might have been a hundred miles away for all he noticed me. He turned slowly and scrutinized the tumbled boxes of his load. Feeling that he wasn't responsible for his words and action I muzzled my temper and asked, more friendly like:

"What you loaded with?"

Once more he turned those sad, protruding eyes on me and spoke the last word I ever heard him utter:

"Dynamite!"

I walked the remaining distance to the camp, thinking deeply. And the next morning I noticed the gray hairs—six of them, just over the temple.—Judge.



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SPENCER MEAD CO., Dept. 503, CHICAGO

Tailoring Salesmen WANTED

We want live, energetic hustlers, men who can make good; who are ambitious to start in a business of their own. No canvassing; no experience required; no capital necessary. We furnish everything to start. **Hundreds are making from $100 to $200 per month and expenses.** We guarantee absolute satisfaction and take all the risk. We are one of the largest woolen mills in the country and positively have the only up-to-date, high-quality, low-priced tailoring on the market.

A great many of our men are making from $25 to $50 Every Week

We furnish a complete agents' outfit, consisting of **large sample book** (not a folder), **order blanks, tape measures, advertising matter**—in fact everything essential to the conducting of a high-class tailoring business.

Write today for this big outfit It is sent express prepaid. Drop a postal and say *"Send me your agents' outfit."* We will start you at once on the road to Success. Be sure and write today.

DANIEL WOOLEN MILLS, Dept A, 300 Green St., Chicago

WONDERFUL GALVANIZED Steel Roofing OFFER

Fire, Water and Lightning Resistant. Practically Indestructible.

Special Summer Offer

$1.25 Per 100 Sq. Ft. Buys Best STEEL ROOFING

Never before in the history of the roofing business has such a wonderful offer been made. It is good only for 90 days, and we advise that you take immediate advantage of this offer. Our stock consists of only about 10,000 squares of this corrugated iron roofing and siding, which will be sold at this wonderfully low price. This roofing which we are offering at $1.25 per square is brand new and first class in every particular. It is light weight, comes in sheets 22 x 24 ins. x 1¼ in. corrugation. This price of $1.25 per square is for our grade FA-700, black corrugated roofing, and this price is f. o. b. cars Chicago, not freight prepaid. This is not galvanized, but black steel roofing and siding.

Write us for **Freight Prepaid Prices** on Galvanized Roofing and Siding. This is your opportunity to supply your roofing needs at a tremendous saving. Don't fail to take advantage of it. We can furnish you any kind of metal roofing you want.

New, Heavy Galvanized Roofing 2¾c Square Foot

We are quoting the lowest prices in the history of the roofing business. We can furnish you new heavy galvanized roofing and siding, at 2¾c per square ft. Never before and probably never again will you be able to buy it at such a price. A fortunate purchase enabled us to secure a limited amount, which we will dispose of at this price during this 90 day sale only.

We Will Save You Money

On every kind of Roofing, Siding or Ceiling—we can furnish you the material necessary for re-roofing your house, barn, granary, church, residence, garage or poultry house. We can also furnish you the siding, conductor pipe, eaves trough, and everything needed. METAL ROOFINGS ARE BEST and cheapest in the long run, easiest to lay, longest life, non-absorbent; fire and lightning proof; cooler in Summer, warmer in Winter; do not taint rain water; with ordinary care will last a life-time.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co.

Prominently known to the public for 20 years as the great "Price Wreckers" and now owned by the Harris Bros. Co., have decided that their best interests require that the name of the principal owners of the company be more prominently brought to the public's notice. There is no change in our business, except that the 4 Harris Bros. will, in the future, advertise and sell their goods, heretofore advertised and sold under the name of *The Chicago House Wrecking Company*, under the name of the Harris Bros. Co.

Write Today For Free Samples—and Freight Prepaid Prices

Tell us kind of building, length of rafters, and your ideas as to style of roofing, siding or ceiling you prefer. We will give you the benefit of our 20 years experience. The unequalled buying power, made possible by our perfect organization and our $10,000,000 capital stock, make it possible for us to pick up these snaps and pass them along to you. Be sure to ask for our special low freight prepaid prices. Your money back if any goods fail to meet our representation. Our binding guarantee is your protection.

Harris Bros. Co. 35th & Iron Sts. Dept. FA-302 *Chicago*

PRICE LIST SENT FREE WRITE FOR ONE

RIEGER'S PURE OLD MONOGRAM WHISKEY

Purity and age guarantee **Good Whiskey.** Rieger's Monogram is absolutely pure and wholesome. **Guaranteed by us under the Pure Food Laws.** Its exquisite, smooth, mellow flavor has made it a lasting favorite with over 250,000 satisfied customers. Why pay exhorbitant prices, when you can buy Rieger's Monogram Whiskey at the regular wholesale dealer's price, and save money by ordering your goods shipped direct.

WE PREPAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES

8 Qts. Rieger's Monogram PRIVATE STOCK $5.00

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FREE WITH EACH ORDER

Two sample bottles of Rieger's Fine Monogram Whiskey, Gold Tipped Whiskey Glass and Patent Corkscrew.

Send us an order and when you get the Whiskey, test it for flavor smoothness and all the essentials of **GOOD WHISKEY.** Compare it with other Whiskies (no matter what the price); test it for medicinal purposes; let your friends try it; use half of it if necessary to satisfy yourself on these points—then if you are not thoroughly convinced that "Rieger's Monogram" is as good or better than any Whiskey you ever drank, return the balance to us and we will pay return charges and at once send you every cent of your money.

J. RIEGER & CO., 1508 Genesee St., Kansas City, Mo.

Binks—"Aren't his high notes very thin and wiry?"
Kinks—"Yes; the orchestra leader gave him the skeleton key."

FUGH DUGH.

There was a young fellow named Hugh
Whose eyes were set widely askugh.
When asked, "D'ye feel sad?"
Quoth he, "No, sir, I'm glad:
Where you see but one girl, I see tugh."

WHY IS A HEN?

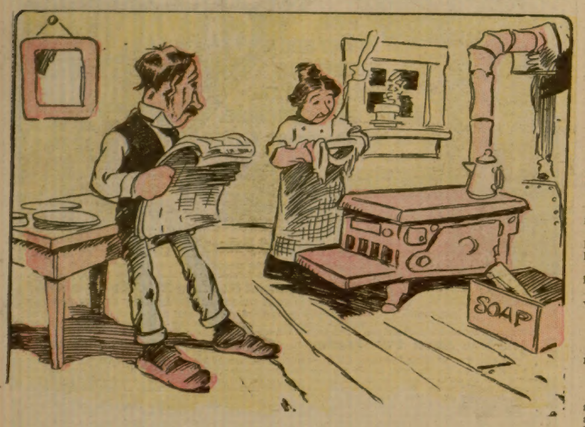
A hen, after laying, will vainly
Stand and cackle absurdly, insanely;
Though you wonder, no doubt,
What she's talking about,
She's egging you on very plainly.

The Discovery.

He—"Darling, when did you first find out you loved me?"
She—"When I got annoyed because my friend called you an idiot!"

Flatterer.

Clara—"What an absurd flatterer Mr. Softtie is."
Dora—"Did he say you were pretty?"
Clara—"He said you were."



Mrs. Podge—"These pies are fit for a king."
Podge—"Yes, if the king was ready to give up his throne."

Little Variety.

Passenger—"I suppose you conductors are bothered by a lot of foolish questions?"
Railroad Conductor—"No; they all run about alike. The women all ask, 'When do we get there?' and the men, 'What can we get there?'"—Puck.

Didn't Wait.

First Newsboy—"A guy handed me a half-dollar for a paper dis morning. I went outer de depot to get de change an' when I came back he was gone."
Second Newsboy—"How long was you gone for de change?"
First Newsboy—"'Bout two hours."

Original Bryan Man.

When W. J. Bryan came to Indianapolis some time ago, the fact that he was in the city moved Jake, a colored man employed about a home in Woodruff place, to wax eloquent on the qualities of the Democratic leader.

"Do you mean to say you would have voted for Mr. Bryan if he had been nominated at Baltimore?" Jake was asked.

"'Deed I would, Miss Letty; 'deed I would. Why, I been votin' foh Mr. Bryan dese many years. Why, I done voted foh him down in Tennessee long befoh de wah."

Might-Have-Beens.

"I might have married a millionaire," declared Everywoman. "One of my old schoolmates is now one."

"And several of your schoolmates are working right in this town for ten dollars a week," retorted Everyman, "while one of them is in jail. I guess in marrying a chap getting $1,500 a year your average is fairly good."

And then Everybaby set up a howl and they had to stop quarreling to attend to him.

Gerald—"Your father refuses to let me marry you."
Geraldine—"Do you know, I sometimes think that father is in his right mind."

Proving Ground.

"Bill," said the canvasser, "you're going to vote for Jimmy Grimes, aren't you?"

"No," replied Bill.

"Why not?" said the canvasser, very much surprised.

"Well, he's no friend of mine," said Bill. "He accused me of selling my vote last election."

"Well, why didn't you make him prove it?" asked the canvasser.

"He did prove it," replied Bill, "that's why we ain't friends."

Both Suited.

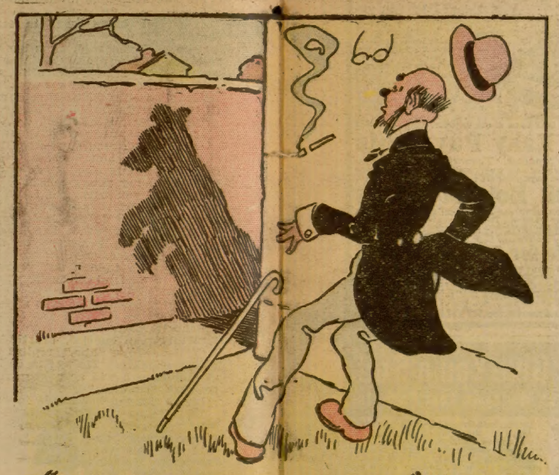
Fond Mother—"How do you like your new governess, Johnny?"
Johnny—"Oh, I like her ever so much."
Fond Mother—"Why do you like her?"
Johnny—"Oh, she's awful nice. She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not, so long as papa pays her salary."

An Ear for Music.

"What is that tune your daughter is playing?"

"Which daughter?" asked Mrs. Cumrox. "If it is the older girl it's Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody and if it's the younger one it's Exercise Twenty-seven."

ONLY A SHADOW.



"Great Scott! A bear!"

"My, what a scare she gave me!"

Visitor—"That painting is by an old master, I see."
Mrs. McShoddie (apologetically)—"Y-e-s, but the frame is new."

Jinks—"What do you consider the secret of happiness?"
Winks—"Make money enough to buy your wife everything she wants."

His Literary Labors.

Here is a genuine case of professional pride.

"A millionaire cattleman led a visitor into his library, a great room lined with thousands of boks.

"See them?" said he.

"Yes," replied the visitor.

"They're all bound in calf, ain't they?"

"Yes," the visitor agreed, "they seem to have a uniform binding."

The millionaire (swelling with pride) —"Well, sir, I raised all them calves myself!"

A Smart Farmer.

"Farming's all right, if you know how to farm."

"No doubt."

"Now, I raise a big crop of apples, which I sell to a local department store."

"Indeed?"

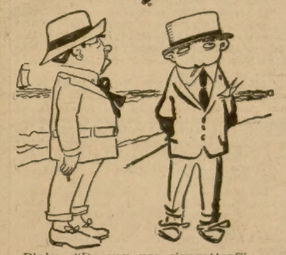
"The department store has special sales all winter, and me and my men get good salaries acting as a harvest quartet."

Heard at the Club.

"Rogers is the cleverest chap at getting around difficulties you ever saw."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Why, if that fellow was confronted with the horns of a dilemma he'd blow one and drink the other."



Binks—"Do you use cigarettes?"
Kinks—"Only when I'm feeling nervous."
Binks—"And are you nervous much?"
Kinks—"Only when not using 'em."

An Absent-Minded Suitor.

"I was very happy," said the confessor, "when, after years of wooing, she finally said 'Yes.'"

"But why did you break the engagement so soon after?" asked his friend.

"Man, it was she that dissolved it."

"Really?" said the friend. "How did that happen?"

"It was due to my accustomed absent-mindedness. When, a few days later, I called at her home, I again asked her to marry me."

A Fair Exchange.

"People say you've been sheriff too long, Jim."

"I expect I have. They also say you oughter step down and let somebody else be postmaster."

"I admit I've been postmaster long enough."

"Well, after this term, s'pose we exchange places."

Ladies and Cigarettes.

"My wife made me promise to quit smoking before she would marry me," remarked Mr. Meekton.

"And now?"

"I'm doing my best to get her to promise not to begin."

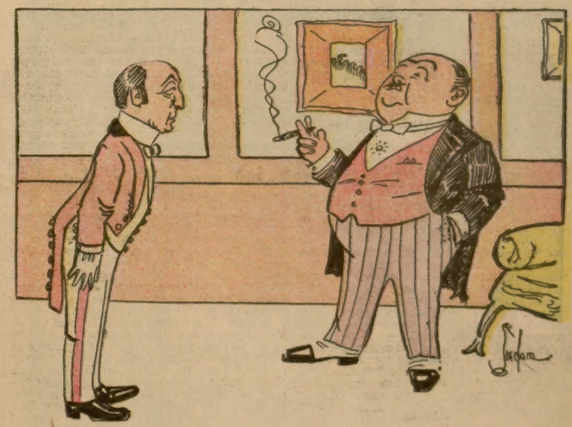
Evelyn—"Did you kick George seven or eight times last night?"
Her Father—"Why?"
Evelyn—"George told me to ask you; his lawyer is filing a suit."

Obeyed Orders.

"I told the chef to prepare the fowl so that it would tickle my palate."
"And did he?"
"Yes; he left the feathers on."

Circus Sights.

Town Mouse—"So you saw the circus parade. Was there a calliope?"
Country Mouse—"I don't know. The display of animals was very poor."



Mr. Pompous (to butler)—"I'm expecting a delegation of politicians at 12 o'clock to ask me to run for mayor."
Butler—"Yes, sir."
Mr. Pompous—"Perhaps it would be as well to remove all the best umbrellas from the hat stand."

HIS FATAL GIFT.

He used to be a lady-killer
And now he is wishin'
That name would not hang on so
Since he is a physician.

A Motoring Hobo.

"What's the trouble?"
"There's a tramp at the door with a rickety automobile. Wants to know if we can give him a set of old tires."

AN UNLUCKY SIGN

Percy Dingdong—"It's bad luck to see a red-headed girl, and there is one now! Darn the luck——

"I just know something's going to happen to me! Holy smoke——

"Woof! I'd no sooner got out of that hole than I'm hit by an auto! And now——

"I'm falling into a bed of mortar, and there is that red-headed runt——

"Wumph! Oof! And now an iron safe has fallen on me! I told you something would happen to me!"

The Pendulum's Swing

Or, On Track of the Check Raisers

By Adrian Blair

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE PURSUIT.

WHEN he found himself alone at the manor house, the indefatigable detective started out to discover what make of car had been in the stable. Once he learned this he felt that he would have the first point toward identifying the fugitives, should he want to telephone ahead. But though he searched closely, there was nothing lying around loose in the stable that afforded him the slightest clew.

He could see the plain tracks left by the broad tires of the machine, on the winding roadway, and quickly found a distinguishing mark by means of which he could readily tell the car at any time and place, unless they thought fit to change their tires. But while that might answer for short distances, it would not avail him very easily when those he wanted were perhaps seventy miles or more away.

Making use of the vehicle, which he found just where it had been hidden on the preceding night, he once more entered Alanvale. The landlord was surprised to see him again, especially in a vehicle of that description. But Tarbox had really no time now to bandy words.

"Let me have that map of yours again, please; and here's ten dollars for the use of it."

Of course the article in question was quickly forthcoming. But the detective immediately saw that it was not apt to be worth ten cents to him, since it only took in the country immediately surrounding the town.

"Another ten if you can get me a good road-map of the State, with the names of all hotels and taverns that can be reached by telephone!"

Again did the landlord hasten to comply. He believed the day was opening auspiciously, since the shower of "long green" had already commenced to rain down upon him.

When Tarbox had glanced over this, he looked to the north; for as long as he had chosen to follow that tire, marked with the two crosses, it had seemed to head in that direction. He asked for the telephone central station, and with the atlas in his hand, hurried over. Already had he mentally figured just what he should say when he had secured something of a description of the Langworthy car.

There was the little garage from whence had come the chauffeur he had hired. Yes, and that was young Green, shading his eyes with his hand, as he looked toward the advancing gentleman.

"How are you for the day, Green? Ready to take me off on a jaunt?"

"Sure, sir; like nothing better."

"All day job!"

"I'm ready for it, stocked up right now with all the gas she can tote."

"All right, then. Get ready to run away, after I come out of the telephone office. By the way, didn't you tell me you once assisted that old chauffeur of Captain Langworthy with his car?"

"Yes, sir; that was the time I saw the lady, his blue-eyed wife you were asking me about."

"Then you can tell me what kind of car it is."

"Sure I can. He bought it second-hand, somewhere, for she's been running a good many years. It's a French car, sir, a Berliet; and she's been painted a bright green color!"

"Good. With that as a guide I ought to pick her up somewhere along the road. Go and get ready, Green. Perhaps I'll tell you something as we spin along. And do you happen to have a gun anywhere handy?"

"Gee! You don't say? Yes, I have, and I'll bring it with me. Count me in on this, sir!"

Evidently the wide-awake Green had jumped to some shrewd conclusion. Trust your up-to-date young American for seeing which way the cat is going to jump. He went off on a run.

And satisfied with the progress already made, Tarbox continued on to the telephone exchange office. He quickly arranged to have connection made with one of three roadhouses situated about thirty miles out of Alanvale, on as many different avenues of travel. One led directly north; a second inclined toward the northeast; while the last presently branched off, until it was running almost west.

When he got in touch with the first house he began by asking if a French car, painted a bright green, with a man past middle age driving, and four men with two women occupying the seats, had passed since morning.

The first answer was disappointing. Nothing that would cover such a description had gone by since daylight, the man was positive. Of course there was a possibility that the fugitives might have passed before dawn; but from what he knew of the old car the detective was inclined to believe they would not get half that distance without some tire trouble that must delay them.

Then he switched off to the tavern on the western road; and after more or less difficulty succeeded in getting some one to speak who could understand. At first he thought he had struck something; for this person seemed to take great interest in what he was saying; but after all it turned out to be a red car he had seen; and there were five women and two men in that.

Then came the inn on the northern road. If this failed, Tarbox had made up his mind that those he sought could never have gone that far. In such a case he would have to mark out three places nearer home, and try again.

When he had made connections, and started in to ask the stereotyped questions, he became aware that the person at the other end was beginning to show signs of interest.

"A bright green car, did you say?"

"Yes, yes!"

"An old man driving, and four men in it?"

"That's it. Did it pass, and when? There's ten dollars in this for you, when I come along."

"They stopped here for breakfast," came the gratifying answer.

"How long ago?" demanded Tarbox, eagerly.

"Just starting off right now; remember that ten spot, mister."

That was enough for Jared. He immediately left the telephone booth. At the same minute Green stopped his machine in front of the door. Everything appeared to be ready for the run; and without wasting another second the detective hurried off.

Green must have been overhauling the engine of his car since last he took this customer out, for it certainly worked smoothly now. Jared had taken his seat alongside the chauffeur, for it was his intention to make use of Green in the business ahead. He appeared to be just the kind of fellow to enjoy an adventure, and was moreover stoutly built; so that if it came to a showdown of hands, the driver was apt to prove a valuable acquisition. And Green's eyes sparkled as he listened to the brief story.

He had, of course, never run up against anything of this sort before, though often reading accounts in the papers connected with the wonderful doings of detectives. And he gave the scheme his unqualified approval.

"Count on me to do anything you want, sir. Sure I'm a greenhorn at the business; but it strikes me all right. I'm on!" he declared, when Tarbox finally reached the termination of his account.

By this time they had covered fully fifteen miles. The going was, as a rule, good, for the roads proved to be in fairly decent condition. Now and then they struck stretches where they were compelled to slow down, in order to take as few chances as possible. Tarbox did not want any accident to happen that would delay his pursuit.

As it was, those they pursued would have a good strong lead. Even in two hours a motor-car may cover considerable territory, and become lost amid a network of country roads. In case it became necessary to follow closely, the detective meant to depend on that double-cross mark he knew to be on the tire of the fugitive car.

Several times upon coming across a soft bit of road he could not resist the temptation to stop Green, and jumping out, examine a plainly marked track of a tire. And always with a favorable result.

The marks were there. There could be no mistake.

Whenever he could do so, the young chauffeur hit up a hot pace that carried them over the ground at the rate of fifty miles an hour. This made up for loss of time in other quarters. Before another half-hour had passed they sighted a roadhouse ahead at the forks.

"That should be our destination, I think," said the detective, positively.

It was. A man waited in the doorway, and at sight of them he waved his hand in greeting. Ten dollars looked pretty good in the eyes of this country landlord.

CHAPTER XVII.

OPENING OF THE LAST ROUND.

It was not the intention of Tarbox to waste many words with the tavern keeper.

"Which road did the green car take!" he asked as he passed over the promised ten dollars.

"The one to the right, sir."

"Yes," broke in the observing Green, just then. "I can see the tire marks turning off that way, sir."

"Did you know any of the people in the car, landlord?" again queried Tarbox.

"I have seen the lady before, sir."

"But you do not know her?"

"She stopped here several times, a year or more ago, riding in a carriage that came from Argentine. It strikes me she said she was an actress then, and that she had a little place some ten miles or so up the road."

"There was only one lady in the party did you say?"

"Yes, sir, the one you asked me about."

"Then they have dropped the woman somewhere. Possibly she was not to be wholly trusted; or else they did not wish to be burdened with her," mused the detective, as he made for the booth where he knew he could find the telephone.

Such things are no longer a luxury in country inns; the wonderful tide of motor traffic has made them absolute necessities; and every wise landlord sees to it that his patrons may have the privilege of calling up office or home, when stopping to take dinner at his wayside resort.

Tarbox speedily got in touch with his headquarters. And he instantly recognized the answering voice, even though a matter of forty miles away, as that of his young associate, Walt Mason.

"Find the manager in, Walt?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Was he willing to open up?"

"Dumb as a clam at first, sir. The ethics of the profession sealed his lips, he said."

"But you mentioned my name?"

"It worked like a charm, sir. He said he said he was under many obligations to you, and was likewise sure that the lady would not suffer from any knowledge you might have of her private affairs."

"All pure rot, my boy. That man would tell all he knew about an actress who was appearing on his stage, if he had an idea that the papers would publish it, and that it would give the lady a striking advertisement. How about any little haunt she may have owned?"

"There is one, all right."

"Just where?"

"He was a little hazy about it, and wanted to string me with a long-winded account of the wonderful stunts Mlle. Betty regaled herself with whenever she took to the open life. But I pinned him down, and finally he said it was somewhere beyond Argentine."

"Good! I'm up in that country right now, and want you to strike out without loss of time. The trail is plain. Listen, and I'll tell you how to get to this place."

Then he gave full directions, even to the train Mason could take; such were the wonderful systematic methods of this active-brained man-tracker. As soon as possible he broke off connections, for time was passing, and Mason would not have any too much of a chance to catch his train for Argentine.

They left the roadside inn. Following the road that led to the right, at about each mile or two, whenever there was a chance to leave the main thoroughfare, Tarbox would leap out and make sure that the car they were tracking had not turned aside. He believed that sooner or later he would find evidences of its having done so.

But ten miles, the landlord said: and they had not yet covered anything like that. By and by he became even more particular, keeping Green moving at a comparatively slow pace, so that he himself might watch the track of that checked tire. The surrounding woods seemed to be rather open; and how were they to make sure that the machine ahead might not suddenly leave the road, and take to the fields?

"Seems to me we've come something like that ten miles, sir!" ventured Green, finally.

"And there's some sort of a side road, leading off beyond that little bridge. Perhaps we're close on the turn," replied the other.

It proved to be the case. When Tarbox found that the Berliet car had started to navigate this neglected road, over which few vehicles ever passed, he knew a decisive point had been reached.

"You start for Argentine, and wait for Mason. I described you to him, so that he will know you. Bring him here, and then wait for me. I'll come back for you."

"All right, sir. I understand."

Green was off immediately, and soon vanished down the road in a cloud of dust. He had been shown the map, and knew just how to reach the railroad town of Argentine by the shortest route.

Tarbox immediately started to pursue the trail of the marked car. He saw that they were having a hard time navigating that eccentric road, along which possibly an automobile had never before traveled. Finally the track left the road, and started along what seemed to be only a trail. Here the difficulties increased, and more than once those aboard had alighted, as though in despair of being able to take the car any further.

Then Tarbox suddenly missed the trail of the tires. Going back, he found where they had run off the trail, covering up the marks in a manner that rather suggested a Western system of education. And secreted amid the thickets he ran across the abandoned Berliet, left temporarily to its fate.

He knew from this that the refuge to which the fugitives were pressing could not be far away now. So he renewed

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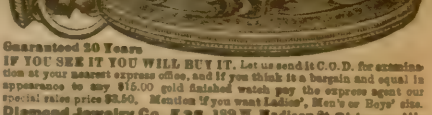

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his caution as he pressed on. Ten minutes later, and he sighted a ramshackle building among the trees.

It was a mystery just then what could have induced an actress like Mlle. Betty to purchase such a dilapidated rookery; but later on he learned that sentiment had to do with it, since she had been born there.

Possibly when money began to pour in on the popular actress, and before she became infatuated with the dashing and magnetic Achilles Cropsey, memories of her childhood days had caused her to purchase the old rookery. Be that as it might, she had evidently never attempted to modernize the place; perhaps her plans had all been changed by her love affairs. And when the little party found themselves hotly pressed for a hiding-place, the woman had remembered about this lonely house so far out in the Jersey wilds.

Surely no one would ever think of looking for them here, since the farm was located in a section of the country from which no family had as yet been able to make a decent living, so that inhabitants were few and far between. They might remain in seclusion for weeks, and no one really be the wiser.

Tarbox was very careful how he approached the place. Above all things he did not wish his presence to be known, or even suspected. Should the crafty Cropsey discover that his bitter enemy had tracked him again he would either lay another of his traps, or else flee in mad haste, giving the sleuth new trouble once more to get in touch with his quarry. No Indian ever crept through the bushes and tangled vines with more caution than the detective exhibited as he drew closer to the building.

Of course, it was far from his intention to bring himself in touch with those in the house, especially while daylight lasted. He felt that he would be satisfied if he could only see one of them come out, and thus make positive of the fact that they had taken up their quarters here.

Having finally reached a point where he could obtain a fair view of the place through the branches of the trees, that hung down like a screen and served to conceal his crouching form, the detective began to impress the various conditions on that retentive brain of his. His reason for doing this was to have a definite idea as to the lay of the land in case he had to lead his comrades on a foray during the darkness of the night.

Tarbox had one remarkable gift, that really stood far above others of his faculties. He was able to photograph a picture on his mind so positively that later on he could recall every minute detail at will. This faculty had been originally a gift; but knowing its value to a man who pursued the hazardous profession he had been following so long, he had trained this wonderful memory until it was well-nigh perfect. And as he lay there now, watching, he was really fastening every little detail of that picture in his mind. One thing he noticed that caused him to chuckle softly, and this was the well standing not far from the side of the building. It had one of those real old-fashioned sweeps, whereby the full bucket is drawn up largely through the aid of the stone weight attached to the end of the long and heavy pole. Seldom can one of these antique contrivances be run across in these days of well pulleys; but they always catch the eye of a wandering artist, when looking about for some picturesque object to paint.

Now, of course, Jared Tarbox, had no such idea in view, and it must have been some entirely different notion that caused him to view this old-fashioned well with favor. Thirst comes to all alike, and it would be only reasonable to believe that sooner or later one of those in the old building would come out, in order to get a fresh drink. And in that way the detective would have a splendid chance to make sure that he was right, when he believed this to be the last stand of the fugitive check raisers.

Green would reach the station in plenty of time to meet the next train from the city; and before a couple of hours passed, no doubt Jared's assistant would be at his side; when they could make some arrangement looking to the capture of the band of crooks.

Having soaked in the picture so that nothing would escape him later on, when he might wish to recall its salient features, the detective began anxiously to watch the door of the old farmhouse. It chanced to be in plain view, though the keenest vision could never have detected him crouching there back of his leafy screen.

In less than ten minutes his vigilance was rewarded. The door opened to give passage to the figure of a man, who was swinging a bucket of some sort in his hand. Just as Tarbox had anticipated, some of those within the house had again become thirsty, and one of their number had been dispatched to secure a supply of water from the deep well.

At the same moment Tarbox scented the ordor of burning wood, and one glance up at the broken chimney above the low kitchen showed a stream of blue smoke rising in winding spirals. Ah! Then hunger as well as thirst had commenced to assail the party, and they were about to cook supper ahead of the ordinary time. No doubt Cropsey's wife would be glad to serve her guests in the capacity of cook, and perhaps the water was wanted in order to make coffee.

It did not take the detective more than two seconds to recognize the man with the water bucket. Gabe Langley, who was said to be the most expert engraver on steel outside of prison walls, had made a few alterations in his looks; but for all that the detective recognized his walk, his mannerisms, and even the little nervous whistle that floated softly to his ears, as distinctly a part of Gabe.

Of course, that settled the question as to the people he wanted being domiciled under this dilapidated roof, and supposed to be in hiding from the stern eyes of the law. Tarbox was now satisfied.

It was far from his intention to take additional chances of detection by trying to enter the farmhouse while the light of day lasted. He could afford to wait until darkness came, when he would also have assistance; for counting the man who had driven the Berliet car, the band now numbered five men and one woman, the last of whom might yet prove to be a tiger-cat.

Gabe took a good drink at the well himself, ere picking up the bucket to return to the house. And it was just at this instant that the detective was thrilled to see a human head rise in the bushes between his place of concealment and the man with the bucket.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOSH.

Tarbox shut his teeth hard together. He watched the head that had so suddenly come between himself and the man at the well. All he could see, of course, was that an old cap covered it; for the man's face was naturally turned the other way.

The first thing he made sure of was that this unknown person must be doing the same as himself—watching the old farmhouse. Could it be one of the party that had come in the car that was even now hidden in the woods alongside the wretched road, after further progress had proved impossible?

Certainly it could not be either Cropsey or Professor Felix; Gabe was there before him, and the detective did not believe Hank Purdue had so small a head and neck as this person possessed; he had once been a well-known pugilist, and the upper part of his torso always reminded Tarbox of the shoulders and neck of an ox. There remained only the chauffeur.

But what under the sun would he be doing, spying on the others, when there could not be the least doubt in the world about his being of the same caliber as the rest of the bunch? Tarbox quickly decided that there was really little chance of the unknown proving to be this man. He saw him duck his head down several times, as though fearful lest he might be discovered when Gabe chanced to glance that way.

"Hang the luck! What new complication is this, I wonder?" the sleuth was muttering to himself. "That fool will give the whole thing away yet. The very fact that he ducks might attract the attention he wants to avoid. If he only had common sense enough to keep perfectly quiet, there wouldn't be an atom of danger. There he goes again!"

He watched Gabe closely in order to judge whether the man with the water bucket had had his suspicions aroused. But he sauntered slowly back toward the door of the farmhouse, and seemed utterly unconcerned; so that Tarbox began to pluck up hope that after all he could not have seen the movements of the unknown party, thanks to the gloom that hovered under the heavy growth of trees.

Now Gabe had disappeared, and the door was closed. The detective was able to give all his attention to the job of discovering the identity of the man whose bobbing head had caught his eye, and thrilled him with a fear lest discovery was bound to result. He could not let the other retreat without finding out who he was, and what he wanted there.

Accordingly he started to creep carefully forward in the direction where he had seen the fellow last. Before he had gone three feet he learned a fact that caused him to alter his plan of campaign. The man was making his way directly toward him; and in order to come in contact, all the sleuth had to do was to flatten himself out and wait. This he proceeded to do with the utmost degree of satisfaction possible.

Now he could hear the rustling sound made by the passage of a rather clumsy person, and at the same time caught heavy breathing. Tarbox had made ready to give the other a little surprise, and gripped his gun as he waited.

Nearer came the man. He was chuckling to himself as he advanced, and mumbling as though tickled over something. The weeds and brush moved just beyond; then Tarbox began to see something heave in sight which he knew to be the head and shoulders of the creeping person.

All of a sudden the detective arose to his knees, and thrust his right hand forward, at the same time whispering hoarsely the electrifying words:

"Hands up! and not a word above a whisper, or you are a dead man!"

He immediately saw a badly scared face confronting him, and knew with that one glance that it was not the chauffeur of the abandoned car who faced him, but a stranger and a countryman.

"Wall, I swan!" gasped the other.

"Up with your hands, do you hear, fool?" rasped the detective, impatiently.

The fellow seemed to understand this time, and hastened to elevate both hands in the most approved manner.

"I surrender, mister! Don't shoot me!" he said, in a quavering voice, that at another time would have caused Tarbox no end of amusement.

But the conditions by which he was now confronted were of such a serious nature that he could not think of allowing even the faintest smile to creep over his stern face.

"Listen to me, you!" he started to say, in his most severe tone. "I want you to crawl further away from that farmhouse, and make no sound to attract the attention of the people who are quartered in it—understand that?"

"Yes," sighed the other, watching every little movement of the detective's extended hand which clutched that shining little tool that had such a dangerous look.

"Then get busy! Keep on just as you were going when you met up with me. And don't forget that I'm close behind, with my finger pressing this trigger. One little move that looks like you mean to draw a weapon and over you go, man! Now start crawling!"

Apparently the unknown spy was ready to oblige to the limit of his capacity, for he began to crawl at a prodigious rate; indeed Tarbox had to warn him to be more careful, and to moderate his pace.

Of course they moved away from the vicinity of the old farmhouse all the time. It was the intention of the detective to get far enough off, so that there would be little danger of any conversation between them being overheard, when he came to question the fellow as to what had brought him there, and why he was peeping so suspiciously at the supposedly deserted building.

Once or twice he had to utter another low warning, but it was done only to keep the man under the strain of fear

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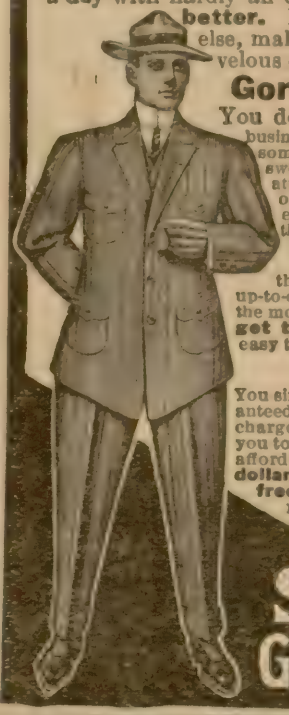

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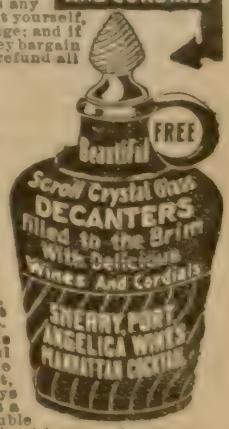

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and not because he gave evidence of trying to resist capture.

"I ain't tryin' to git hold o' my pop, mister. Give you my solemn affidavy I ain't thinkin' o' no sech thing; so don't git gay with me, and fill me full o' holes. I'm willin' to do anything you sez, an' sure you can't arsk more'n that, kin you?" the fellow said, over his shoulder, at the same time trying to exhibit both hands to prove the truth of his assertion.

Of course Tarbox was perfectly satisfied. He had drawn the fellow far enough away from the danger zone to prohibit all chance of discovery. If Gabe had really failed to notice anything suspicious when the spy was bobbing up and down so ridiculously, all might be said to be well.

"Stop!"

The man came to an abrupt halt.

"Now, don't move; and kneel there with both hands up while I frisk you. Steady now, man!"

Perhaps the other did not know what was meant by this term used by officers when feeling the person of a prisoner for concealed weapons; but as he had no alternative, he assumed the position ordered by his captor; who lost no time in drawing forth a huge six-shooter of an antique pattern, about as dangerous as a cannon, and which the other was carrying under his coat in a hip pocket.

Tarbox now saw that his prisoner was a typical countryman; he had his trousers in his boot-tops, and his whole appearance smacked of the red Jersey soil which abounded in the section around Argentine. He was a rather elongated specimen of a Jerseyman, and possessed a thin face that was stamped with some degree of stubbornness..

Tarbox sized him up instantly as a man with a narrow mind, vindictive when it pleased him to show that sort of spirit, and not to be trusted further than one could see him. And the detective seldom made an error of judgment when figuring on the leading characteristics of any man with whom he ever came in touch.

He was prone to admit that he had had much more trouble in dealing with the other sex; for there were occasions only too vividly remembered when he had made stupendous blunders in trying to read the nature of certain women with whom he had come in contact, and whose apparently innocent faces had deceived him.

"Well, who and what are you?" he asked, sternly.

"My name's Josh Calkins, mister, an' I own a farm 'bout three mile away from here," came the ready answer, which Tarbox believed he could set down as the truth.

"You're a farmer then?" he asked.

"Yep, that's it."

"But that wouldn't explain why you were sneaking about here like a thief, watching a neighbor's house. Suppose you tell me your reason for hiding there in the bushes and peeking."

"Now, haow d'ye know I was a-doin' that, mister?" asked the countryman, with a faint grin.

"Well, in the first place, you were crouching down in the bushes as if you didn't want to be seen. And I noticed every time that man who was drawing water from the old well glanced your way, you'd duck. That told me you had no intention of letting him set eyes on you. Now, what made you creep up there in the first place?"

"I heard voices in the woods and dropped down behind some bushes to watch."

"Is that the way people do over here all the time, Josh?"

"Naw, I guess not, mister; but you see I had a reason to be s'picious jest then."

"Oh! you did, eh? Suppose you tell me what your reason was, Josh."

For answer the other flipped his coat open, and disclosed some sort of a badge pinned on his vest.

"Hello! You don't mean to tell me you're a sheriff, or something along that order, do you, Josh?" demanded the detective, secretly amused at the visible pride shown by the native in thus exhibiting what he doubtless considered to be his most valued possession.

"Naw, 'taint that, mister, zactly. You see, they's ben a heap o' game took ag'in the law 'raound this section, an' the game marshal he swored in a few o' us farmers for to 'sist him git the parties guilty o' shootin' an' trappin' pa'tridge an' quail an' rabbit outen season. An' mister, I was one o' them as he guv badges to."

"Oh, I see; and you must have been taking a day off in order to ascertain what you could find in the way of game poachers?"

"Say, how'd you guess that, naow?"

"Why, simply because you're toting this cannon here. I hardly imagine the farmers in this section have to carry anything like that in order to protect themselves against Jersey mosquitoes, do they?"

"Say, that's right cute o' you, guessing things off'n the reel. And that's jest why I'm totin' my gun, as you sez, mister. Some of them game hogs is I-talians, an' I reckons as how they'd put up a fight afore they'd let a officer o' the law arrest 'em. So I 'spected to have to skeer 'em a bit with that gun."

"Well, you would, all right, Josh. I calculate that any poacher would be apt to fall in a fit if ever he saw you covering him with that blunderbuss."

"It's a good gun, all right, mister," blustered the other.

"I've no doubt, only a bit heavy artillery to carry around in your hip pocket. But see here, Josh, you want to go on and explain why even a deputy game warden should go crawling up close to a farmhouse, and spying on the people there. That's something that the ethics of the profession hardly call for I think. Explain it to me."

Josh grinned more broadly than before; he seemed quite innocent when in this mood; but all the same Tarbox had made up his mind not to trust him wholly, for he did not exactly fancy the glint in his crafty eyes. If Josh ever got an idea in his head that it would pay him to do a certain thing, he would sacrifice his best friend in order to carry it out. And should he once learn what big game the detective was chasing, he might take a silly notion to try to land the fish himself; with the foregone result that in so doing he would frighten the occupants of the lone farmhouse away.

"Huh! told you I heerd voices in the woods, an' knuckled right down in the bush, thinkin' it might turn out to be a set o' them game stealers."

"But when you saw that it was a party of people who carried no guns, and seemed to be peaceable folks going about their everyday business, what induced you to follow after them, until you saw that they had taken up their quarters in this place?"

Again Josh grinned, and looked real sheepish, so that even before he spoke the sleuth knew there must be some reason for this action. And there was.

"You see, it war all on 'count o' Betty," he remarked, winking one of his little piglike eyes.

"Betty O'Neil, do you mean?" demanded the detective; and then, as the other nodded he went on: "When did you ever know her, Josh?"

"Shucks! we used to be sweethearts w'en we was kids, an' she lived with her folks right here," replied the tall countryman.

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this remarkable story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Logical.

The auto speeder was pinched on Euclid avenue, late one night, and brought before the court early one morning this week, which was the day after.

"You say the machine was beyond your control?" asked his honor.

"It was."

"Why was it? And can you prove it?"

"Listen, your honor. If I could have controlled that machine how could the cop have caught me?"

The logic was so perfect that the immediate discharge was a foregone conclusion.

Hers Were Recent.

"Are you hungry, little girl?" said Dr. Wendell Holmes to one whom he saw looking with longing eyes at the good things before her.

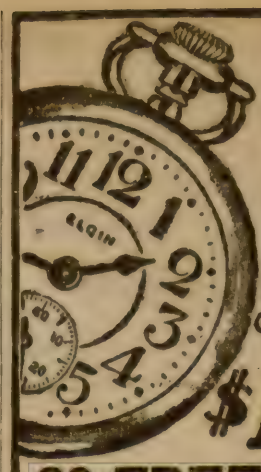
"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the Doctor, smiling.

The little girl looked, then said: "Not my fingers."



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Now—during this Special Sale—is a splendid time to buy a fine Watch. We would like to send you this 17-Jewel Elgin in hand engraved 25-year gold case for your inspection. It sells regularly at $20.00. We save you nearly one half. If you answer this advertisement you can buy it for $12.75.

NO MONEY DOWN We don't want you to send us one cent. Not a penny. Merely give us your name and address that we may send you this handsome Watch on approval. If after you receive it and want to keep it, then you pay us only $2.00 A MONTH

If you don't want to keep it, send it back at our expense. You assume no risk whatever in dealing with us. You do not buy or pay a cent until we have placed the watch in your hands for your decision. We ask NO SECURITY, NO INTEREST. No red tape—just common honesty among men. If this offer appeals to you write today for Our Big Free Watch & Diamond BOOK!

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THE HOUSE THAT SELLS MORE ELGIN WATCHES THAN ANY OTHER FIRM IN THE WORLD.

A LETTER or visit to Dr. Rowe, will put you in touch with his latest methods of treating Nervous and Chronic Diseases. He is considered to be the most successful specialist in the country in treating those diseases.

Every afflicted man should have his latest book. It accurately describes each disease and contains just the information desired. Postage, 6c. The time is near at hand when no man afflicted with certain diseases can obtain a marriage license. Write today.
Dr. Rowe, 110 N. Pearl St., (M) Buffalo, N. Y.

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned. Free reports as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

Vacant Government Land
HOW TO GET A FARM FREE
A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :
FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS
About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.
PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c., POSTPAID.
W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

98 CENTS POST PAID
To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our big catalogue of Elgin watches we will send this elegant watch postpaid for only 98 cents. Gent's size, high grade gold plate finish, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, accurate time keeper, fully Guaranteed for 5 Years. Send 98 cents today and watch will be sent by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. HUNTER WATCH CO., Dept. 10 CHICAGO, ILL.

GREAT SPECIAL OFFER
We will send you a full quart of this
HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY
For Only 80 Cents—Express Charges Paid

NOTHING like this has ever been known—no one else offers BOTTLED-IN-BOND whiskey at 80 cents—no one else pays the express on a one quart shipment. We want YOUR trade—and if you have never tried Hayner Whiskey, try it NOW. Cut out this ad—mail it with your order and 80 cents in stamps or coin—and the full quart bottle of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY will be sent in sealed case—express charges paid. It's great—a BOTTLED-IN-BOND whiskey of the finest kind—sealed with the U. S. Government's Green Stamp over the cork—your assurance it is fully aged, full 100% proof, full measure—as good and pure as can be produced. It's GUARANTEED to please you or money back. You know we are responsible—been in business 46 years—Capital $500,000.00 fully paid. Don't put this off—ORDER RIGHT NOW—and goods will go forward by first express.

NOTE: Orders from Ariz., Wyo., Colo., Mont., and all states West thereof must call for $1.00 for one quart—express paid. LB16

Address our nearest office
THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., Dept. S-30
Dayton, Ohio | St. Louis, Mo. | Boston, Mass. | New Orleans, La.
Toledo, Ohio | Kansas City, Mo. | St. Paul, Minn. | Jacksonville, Fla.

BROWN Wants More Boys To Learn Pitching FREE

Doesn't cost one cent to learn how to be a pitcher like Brown, Mathewson, or Walsh. We say FREE because we mean FREE. Brown will teach you by his new method so you can learn baseball—no matter where you live. Be one of Brown's personal pupils and soon be star pitcher of your team—the "boy wonder" who fans batters with sensational big league curves and terrible speed—but never a sore arm.

Learn all this FREE from the greatest pitcher in the world—how to burn over those deadly hook-curves—jump-ing ball—change-of-pace fade-aways—baffler—the outcurve, incurve, drop, outdrop, etc.—every curve made easy for you. Start taking Brown's lessons at once. It doesn't cost you a cent. Just a little easy work in spare time. It starts right in improving you at once. This is the same great Brown who won four championships and two world's titles for the Chicago Cubs. The time of this offer is limited. We'd use a full page if we wanted everybody to know about this. Boys who have the keenness to spot this small advertisement to read it, and answer it are just the boys we favor. So send us your name and address and join Brown's special class—NOW.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 128 Chicago, Ill

ANECDOTES OF PEOPLE

Mistaken in the Meaning.

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston had occasion to stop at a country hotel in Connecticut while on a motor trip recently:

In a conspicuous place in the parlor was an inscription:

"Ici on parle Francais."

The mayor noticed the sign, and, turning to the proprietor, said, "Do you speak French?"

"Not me," the man replied. "United States is good enough for me."

"Well, then," asked the mayor, "why do you have that inscription hanging on your walls?"

"What's that got to do with it?" queried the man.

"Why, it means, 'French is spoken here,'" said Mayor Fitzgerald.

"You don't mean it!" cried the hotelkeeper, with excitement. "Well, I'll be darned! I bought that of a young man who said it meant, 'Heaven Bless Our Home.'"

Too Clever.

The occasion was a choice little tea party on the lawn and the hostess was beaming and busy among her guests.

"Yes," she remarked, "my little girl is very clever. She can imitate almost any one."

"She can, my dear," echoed the host, delightedly. "Come, Alice, show what you can do. Pretend to be the housemaid."

The little girl, eagerly enough, came forward and bowed to one of the guests.

"Will you take some more tea, madam?" she asked, politely. Then she turned to another guest.

"May I move your chair, madam? The sunlight is very strong."

At this the guests were exceedingly interested and asked for more.

Backing away from her father, Alice exclaimed, in a terrified tone:

"Sir, let me go! Don't touch me, sir! Give you a kiss, indeed! Supposing the missus was to hear you?"

Then the clever little darling was wafted away suddenly.

More Than Liked It.

In the endeavor to uplift the race a friend of ours started in by trying to smash silly, old superstitions. Our friend believes that negroes are maligned, and that many of the stock jokes about them are not founded on fact. He has, in fact, succeeded in proving that a number of the old minstrel stand-bys are mere senseless jests. And the other day he interviewed the elevator boy in his office building.

"Arthur," he said, "there's a silly old saying that you colored people are crazy about chicken. I can't see how that started. Do you like chicken?"

"Yassuh."

"Of course—almost everybody likes chicken. I mean to say, do you like it better than anything else in the world? Do you like it so well that you would steal it if you couldn't obtain it honestly?"

"Boss, I likes chicken so well dat if I couldn't git it no other way I'd buy it!"

The Enlightened Kittens.

A small street urchin was trying to sell some young kittens to passers-by. One day he accosted Arthur C. A. Hall, who is now Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, and asked him to purchase them as good Episcopal kittens. Dr. Hall good-naturedly refused, thinking them too small to be taken from their mother. Shortly afterward a Baptist minister, who had witnessed this episode, was asked by the same boy to buy the same kittens. This time the lad announced they were faithful Baptists.

"Didn't you tell Dr. Hall a few days ago they were Episcopal kittens?" asked the minister.

"Yes sir," quickly replied the boy, "but they's had their eyes opened since then, sir."

Instructions Literally Carried Out.

President Wilson tells this story of British stolidity:

"A wealthy New York banker, while in London, went into a shop to purchase a set of decanters.

"Not having the necessary amount of money on his person at the time, he gave his address at the hotel and instructed the clerk to mark them C. O. D. The clerk made a note of the request, but the purchaser was surprised to find the goods left at the hotel without demand for payment. In a short while, however, he unpacked the parcel, and it developed that each decanter had been beautifully engraved in twining letters 'C. O. D.'"

Ready for Long Trip.

Two negro roustabouts at New Orleans were continually bragging about their ability as long distance swimmers and a steamboat man got up a match. The man who swam the longest distance was to receive five dollars. The Alabama Whale immediately stripped on the dock, but the Human Steamboat said he had some business and would return in a few minutes. The Whale swam the river four or five times for exercise, and by that time the Human Steamboat returned. He wore a pair of swimming trunks and had a sheet iron cook stove strapped on his back. Tied around his neck were a dozen packages containing bread, flour, bacon and other eatables. The Whale gazed at his opponent in amazement.

"Whar yo' vittles?" demanded the Human Steamboat.

"Vittles fo' what?" asked the Whale.

"Don't yo' ask me fo' nothin' on the way ovah," warned the Steamboat. "Mah fust stop is New York an' mah next stop is London."

Her Helpful Way.

The cook left and Mrs. Keene, who was a bride, hired a green girl. The young mistress had never had any experience in the kitchen, but when several guests came unexpectedly for dinner one evening and the green maid became nervous over preparing a meal for so many people Mrs. Keene undertook to be of some assistance.

Descending to the kitchen, she found the girl struggling with a coffee machine, and asked her what she might do to relieve the situation.

"Well, mum," confessed the girl, "I have forgot to wash the lettuce, an' ye might do that."

"Very well, Delia," said Mrs. Keene, pleasantly. "Don't get so excited. Take things cooler and I will help you. You go right on with the coffee, and I'll wash the lettuce. Where do you keep the soap?"

A Misunderstanding.

One night a tired traveler put up at a small country hotel. The next morning the proprietor of the house asked:

"Did you enjoy the cornet playing in the next room to you last night?"

"Enjoy it!" the guest repeated sarcastically. "I should say not. Why, I passed half of the night pounding on the wall to make the man stop."

"It must have been a misunderstanding," said the landlord mournfully. "The cornet player told me that the person in the next room applauded him so heartily that he went over every piece he knew three times."

Refused to Be Discharged.

The jury, after long deliberation, seemed unable to agree in a perfectly clear case. The Judge, thoroughly exasperated at the delay, said:

"I discharge this jury."

One sensitive juror, indignant at what he considered a rebuke, faced the Judge.

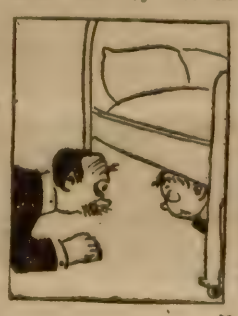
"You can't discharge me!" he said, with a tone of conviction.

"And why not?" inquired the Judge in surprise.

"Because," announced the juror, pointing to the lawyer for the defense, "I was hired by that man there!"

Comrades.

A small boy who had been naughty was told by his mother that he must take a whipping. He flew upstairs and hid in the far corner under a bed. Just then the father came home. The mother told him what had occurred. Pa went upstairs and proceeded to crawl under the bed toward the youngster, who whispered excitedly: "Hello, pop, is she after you, too?"



Disliked to Record Them.

"So you have got an accident to report, have you?" said the head clerk to the foreman of the works.

"Yes, sir," said the foreman, and after gnawing at his penholder for a considerable time, he handed the clerk the report. It read:

"Date: April 16. Nature of the accident: Toe badly crushed. How caused: Accidental blow from fellow workman's sledge hammer. Remarks: ——"

"Very good," said the clerk. "But why have you omitted 'Remarks'?"

"Well, sir," said the foreman, who was a very frank man, "seeing as you know what Bill is, and as you know it is his big toe that was hurt, I—well, I didn't like to put 'em down."

Corn Chicanery

Trying to Cheat One's Feet

Thousands of people pare their corns—merely take off the top layer.

Thousands of others use liquids and plasters, just for brief effect.

Yet every corn can be removed in two days. Every corn pain can be instantly ended.

Anyone can do this in a scientific way. It is being done on a million corns a month.

The entire corn comes out, root, callous, everything. And without any pain or soreness. You simply apply a Blue-jay plaster and then forget the corn.

You are cheating yourself when you use makeshifts in these modern days. The use of Blue-jay ends the corn.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

(306) **Bauer & Black, Chicago & New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.**

Express Prepaid

FREE BOTTLE DIXIE CHEER

With Your First Order for Ullman's Reserve Stock

Judge this whiskey for yourself! Decide by your own taste if it isn't exactly the whiskey you want. Here you have a combination of absolute purity, ripe flavor and high-proof—yet the whiskey is thoroughly mellowed and pleasant to drink. Full strength, yet mild at the same time—that is ULLMAN'S RESERVE STOCK and it's unmatchable at these prices:

4 Full Quart Bottles ULLMAN'S WHISKEY $2.85
8 Full Quart Bottles ULLMAN'S WHISKEY $5.00
12 Full Qts., $7.50 25 Full Qts., $15
50 Full Quarts $29.00

One Bottle of Dixie Cheer FREE
ONE MINIATURE BOTTLE OLD ATHLETIC CLUB WHISKEY

EXPRESS PREPAID

You needn't hesitate a moment to send to us for a trial shipment. We willingly refund the money for any goods that are returned to us as unsatisfactory. And remember, we send you free with your first order, one bottle of our delicious Dixie Cheer and a miniature of old Athletic Club Whiskey. You won't regret giving ULLMAN'S RESERVE STOCK a trial. It is the most satisfactory whisky you ever drank AND YOU WILL SAY SO.

WARNING! Be sure to note that WE PREPAY EXPRESS. Some firms quote low prices, but YOU pay the express charges. Don't be misled. Add 75c a gallon to THEIR prices to find out what your goods will stand you.

You owe it to yourself to deal with a reliable house. Mail your remittance today and we will forward your goods CHARGES PREPAID.

AMERICAN SUPPLY CO. 2097 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Throw Away Your Keys

Save Your Pockets and Your Patience

Here is a lock that requires no key—no knobs to turn—no clicks to count. To open it, just put your fingers on the buttons—the right buttons, mind you—and pinch—just a little bit. That's all. It flies open at once. But if you don't know the right buttons, you cannot open it—and you cannot pick it, for there's nothing to pick. Opening the **No-Key Padlock** is just as simple as turning on the electric light when you know the combination.

If you live in the country
Automobile
Barn
Granary
Poultry House
R. F. D. Mail Box
Shed
Tool Chest

If you own your home, city or suburbs
Automobile
Cellar
Coal Bin
Garage
Mail Box
Refrigerator
Tool Chest

(ACTUAL SIZE)

If you own
Automobile
Bicycle
Billiard Hall
Coal Yard
Confectionery
Drug Store
Excursion Boat
Feed Store
Grain Elevator
Furniture Store
Grocery Store
Hotel
Lumber Yard
Motor Boat
Motorcycle
Moving Pictures
Racing Stable
Restaurant
Sail Boat

Notice the buttons numbered from 1 to 8 on the illustration. Eight buttons are on each side, any of which may be included in a combination. Padlocks leaving our factory are set on different combinations, and as more than 40,000 are possible, each purchaser is assured of a combination known only to himself. The **No-Key Padlock** is made of solid brass and bronze, without a bit of iron or steel to rust out. It will last a lifetime.

The **No-Key Padlock** is indispensable to the owner of a threshing machine or traction engine. It is the most convenient and practical padlock to lock levers, tool boxes, etc. No need to remove gloves or wash greasy hands—no use for matches as the lock can be operated as quickly and easily in the dark as in the light.

It is the best lock ever devised for locking the stable, the machine and tool house, or any of the out-buildings. There are no bothersome keys, to mislay or forget, to send for or go after, to take from your pocket, to look for on a key ring among numerous other keys, or to hide away for others to find and use.

Abolish the Key Nuisance

This wonderful lock will be sent to you absolutely free of charge, all charges prepaid if you will send us $2.00 for a year's subscription to The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger. If you are a subscriber now, send us the $2.00 and we will renew your subscription from the time your present one expires. They are going fast—send at once.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, 500 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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1,200,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

Small talk sometimes begets big trouble.

The high flyer doesn't always reach the top.

A poor man seldom has a reputation as a grafter.

Too often the man who has his price lets the tag show.

Success cannot turn a man's head if he has a stiff neck.

When artists compete for a prize the result is a draw.

A girl may head off a proposal by taking to her heels.

We would rather have our faults overlooked than overheard.

Don't brag about yourself; jolly others into doing it for you.

We can't see ourselves as others see us by looking in a mirror.

Some women are very easily pleased, judging by what they marry.

A man's relations seldom bother him if he is poorer than they are.

The one way a man can make his money last is to make it first.

It takes a smart man to land on his feet when he falls in a hole.

It's easy to feel optimistic as long as things are coming your way.

One-half the world awaits an opportunity to do up the other half.

Cheer up! You don't have to go around looking for temptations to yield to.

One trouble with the family skeleton is that it refuses to stay in the closet.

Anyway, a woman can keep secret the mean things she knows about herself.

A linguist may be able to master all the modern tongues—except his wife's.

If a man's nerve is good he can manage to pull through, even if his credit is poor.

You can't judge a woman's feelings by her laughter, her tears, or by what she says.

Not one man in a hundred has sense enough to take care of money after he inherits it.

A man never has to be driven to drink but once; after that he stands there without hitching.

Only a lawyer or a detective can mind his own business when he pries into other people's.

Many a man who howls for justice would probably try to sneak up an alley if he saw it coming.

When the average man does make an honest confession he makes it in strict confidence to himself.

WANT ADS

Want and Classified Advertising not less than 14 words accepted for insertion in the Ledger and Blade at 30 cents per word for 1,200,000 circulation.

SALESMEN WANTED

WANTED—Hustlers to Take Orders for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from $8.00 to $22.00. Make $25.00 to $50.00 weekly. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money. Handy Dandy Line. Dep't E, Sangamon St., Chicago.

SALESMEN Sell Our Gasoline and Electric Lights and Appliances in country and small towns. All prices. Quick sales. Big profits. Write National Stamping & Electric Works, 404 S. Clinton Street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—Wonderful Opportunity—Act Quick. Sell "Ambrew" Concentrated Beer Extract. Makes genuine beer by adding water. Strictly legal. Enormous profits—large sales. Send postal today and we'll show you how to make money quick. The Ambrew Co., Dept. 1690, Cincinnati, O.

100% Profit on Self-increasing Business, Selling R. W. B. Corn and Callous Cure; never fails. Soldiers and sailors all over the world use it; money-back guarantee; exclusive territory. Send 10c in stamps for trial package. The R. W. B. Co., 117 A Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

AGENTS—Salary or Commission. Greatest seller yet. Every user pen and ink buys on sight. 200 to 500 per cent profit. One agent's sales $620 in six days; another $32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., X 96, La Crosse, Wis.

HUNDREDS Make $50-$75 Weekly Selling guaranteed hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York City.

ZERO Ice Saver. Guaranteed to Cut Ice Bills in half. New, wonderful household article. Sells in every home. Costs 25 cents. Exclusive territory. Mason Chemical Company, 142 West 125th Street, New York.

GENERAL Agents Wanted to Sell Ink Powder through our original "approval plan" envelopes; no talking required; big profits; sample package 10c. Delbert McDonald, B506 S. Cedar, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

CANVASSERS, Men or Women. Agents wanted in every community, biggest money making, quickest selling line, household specialties you ever heard of. Write now. S. B. Yale Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill.

FINKBEINER'S Stove and Nickle Polish, blackens stove, polishes nickle. Box, particulars, 10c. P. Finkbeiner, 416 Seymour St., Syracuse, N. Y.

AGENTS Wanted Everywhere. Fast Selling household specialties; money makers. Write now. Specialty Sales Service, 113 South Second, St. Louis, Mo.

SELL Hosiery; Guaranteed Against Holes or new hose free; build a permanent trade; big profits; experience unnecessary. International Mills, Dept. F, West Phila., Pa.

REMNANT Store, Cincinnati, Ohio. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and storekeepers supplied.

MALE HELP WANTED

FREE Illustrated Book Tells of About 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

WANTED: Men and Women for Government positions. Examinations soon. I conducted government examinations. Trial examination free. Write, Ozment, K. St. Louis.

MEN Wanted—Detective Service. Wonderful life. Great work, thousands of dollars yearly. Experience unnecessary. Write: Spencer Detective Service, Martinsville, Va.

DETECTIVES: Own Locality, Secret Service, experience unnecessary, enclose stamp. Sturgill Detective Agency, Norton, Va.

SONG POEMS

FORTUNES in Successful Songs; I've Paid thousands in royalties. Send your poems or musical compositions to me for acceptance. I'll publish under 50% royalty contract. I composed and published "Wedding of the Winds" Waltzes. Million copies sold. Dozens of "Hits." Est. 16 years. Free booklet. John T. Hall, 3 Columbus Circle, New York.

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MEN of Ideas and Inventive Ability Should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 11, Washington, D. C.

U. S. Government Positions Open to Men and women. Commence $65 to $100 month. Thousands of appointments. List of positions available, free. Franklin Institute, Dep't R 30, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTION Picture Plays Wanted—You can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Ass'd M. P. Schools, 646 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

AGENTS Make Big Money and Become Sales managers for our goods. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and sample free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 15, Baltimore, Md.

SONG Poems Wanted—New Plan. Big Money. Past experience unnecessary. Send poems or melodies. Free book and advice. Hayworth Music Co., 655 G, Washington, D. C.

LOCAL Business, Representative Wanted. Particulars free. Act quick. "Granger," 146 G, Bronson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

25 CENTS each for whiskey drinkers names. Send dime for contract. Oro Co., Le Roy, Mich.

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A COMFORTABLE Living Earned at Home sewing plain seams; any sewing machine; all home work; no canvassing: Sewers wanted in each town; state time can sew: No triflers; samples, etc., 10c returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Company, New York Jobbers, Dept. B. L, Rehoboth, Delaware.

LADIES Can Make Shields at Home; $10 Per 100; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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SAFETY Razor, it Really Shaves; Hair tested blades and perfect nickel plated hand stropper. Both 50c. Delivered. Lloyd A. Palmer, Rainier, Wash.

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$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856. Hundreds of other coins wanted. Send ten cents at once for illustrated coin value book, 4x7. Get posted. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 70, Le Roy, N. Y.

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$750 to $1500 a Year Income. From a Suburban Heights Farm, near Houston, fastest growing city in the South. Strawberries and other fruits net $300 to $500 an acre; truck and poultry pay enormous profits. No experiment. Facts to demonstrate. Good cash market in city. Land near suburban stations, shell paved road to heart of city; school, stores and other conveniences. Ideal for home; growth of city causing big increase in value. Buy before price advances. Two and half, five and ten-acre tracts. Terms $2 per acre monthly. Write today for free maps, plats and literature. C. H. Walters, 370 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

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LEARN to Cut the Children's Hair Becomingly. Simple styles given in plain instructions and charts, 25c. Moler Barber College, Chicago, Ill.

GO On the Stage. Free Book Tells How. A. W. G., 146 I, Bronson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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SONGS—Poems, Don't Waste Your Money. Write for the best legitimate proposition ever offered song poems and music writers. J. E. Minnick Co., Inc., Publishers, 49H West 28th street, New York City.

SONG Poems Wanted. Immediate Publication on Big Royalty if accepted. Send MSS. To-day. A hit means thousands. Free book. Len Fleming & Co., Dept. 302, 1416 Broadway, New York City.

SONG Poems. Sell For Cash or Have Published free. Manuscript Sales Co., 57 West 28th St., Department A, New York City.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BOYS and Girls, Crippled, Dependent and elderly persons in every city, town and locality wishing to earn money (good pay) send or have parents send $1.00 (P. O. money order) for trial at work. Address letters to The Sunset Perfume Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Mrs. Reavis' Juvenile Dept.

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WRITE Moving Picture Plays: $50.00 Each; all or spare time; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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PATENTS That Protect—Patent your ideas; they may bring you wealth; 64 page book free. Fitz Gerald & Co., Dept. W, Washington, D. C.

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FAT or Thin Producing Herb Tea Recipes in "Herb Doctor Recipe Book" 10c. Ind. Herb Gardens, Box 5B, Hammond, Ind.

MISCELLANEOUS

PANAMA Canal and Vicinity Bird's Eye View wall map, by Wm. Dubois, Culebra, C. Z., shows how and why sun rises over Pacific, and sets in Atlantic here, also topography of country as will be on canal's finish, commercial and physical features, historical places, and gives interesting statistics. 21½x27½ in. Officially sanctioned by Isthmian Canal Commission. Postpaid $1. Willoughby Culbertson, Box 72, Cristobal, Canal Zone.

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"No," responded the congregation.

"Well, then," said he, "there is no use in my speaking to you." And he came down from the pulpit. He went to preach a second time and asked the congregation, "Oh, true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?"

"We know," replied the audience.

"Ah, as you know," said he, quitting the pulpit, "why should I take the trouble of telling you?" When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers, and when he asked his usual question, replied, "Some of us know, and some of us do not know."

"Very well," said he, "let those who know tell those who do not know."—Life.

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"The cook knows just how long things are going to last her, all right."

Spoiled the Scene.

Many years ago Miss Ellen Terry was playing Naomi in the "Green Bushes" at an old Dublin theater, and toward the end of the play was supposed to commit suicide by jumping into the river. One night, when she reached the usual eminence of rock to jump off, she found, to her dismay, that no mattress had been placed in the "river" for her to fall on, so down she came on the bare boards with a hard thud. Her confusion was intense, but it was increased tenfold when a voice from the gallery sang out in a rich brogue: "Och, be jabers, the water's frozen!" This remark set the house in a roar and fairly spoiled Miss Terry's sensational scene.

His Ruse.

"Stop!" cried the man in the road. "You are exceeding the speed limit."

"That's all nonsense!" retorted Binks, bringing his car to a standstill.

"That's what they all say," said the man in the road, climbing into the car. "You can tell your story to the magistrate at Kinktown—just seven miles up the road. Start along, please."

They drove on in silence to Kinktown, where, as the car drew in front of the courthouse, the man got out.

"Much obliged for the ride," said he. "You can settle that matter of speed with the magistrate if you want to. As a stranger in these parts, I don't think my word would go for much."

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Kit Carson's Chum

Or, Ned in the Northwest

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER I.

THE BOY TRAPPER.

FOR nearly six months Ned Arragon had been the Robinson Crusoe of the far Northwest. A stalwart youth of sixteen and full of vim and health, he had been one of a party of trappers and explorers who had penetrated to the headwaters of the Missouri, and one morning he had awakened to find himself deserted by his companions.

The average boy would have grown despondent over the mean trick, but Ned was not of that sort. He had never "got on" with Captain Welch, the leader of the expedition, and therefore he did not regret parting company with that worthy.

Some one had been good enough to leave him a lot of traps and plenty of ammunition, and, owing to this kindness, the outlook was not so bad, although the young trapper was far from the confines of civilization and on the borders of the Blackfoot country. He had prospered in the wilderness and his stock of pelts was enough to enrich him when he should reach the fur market.

He vowed more than once to himself that some day he would have it out with Tom Welch, but no doubt that rascal was far away in other quarters playing other tricks which stamped him the villain he was.

Since the desertion Ned had not seen a white face. Now and then he noticed a dark moving line on the horizon, and when it disappeared he knew that the Indians were still in that particular region. Occasionally his traps had been visited and the game stolen, but he had never been able to catch the thief at work.

"I would like to know," said Ned to himself, one morning when he emerged from his hut, "if the story of the white buffalo is true. It was this tale that lured Tom Welch and his party into this region, but they never caught sight of old Snow King, as the animal is called.

He shaded his eyes from the rising sun and looked down the open which stretched to the stream along which his traps were set. Shouldering his rifle, he trotted off, making anxious strides towards the trapping ground.

In the first three traps he found nothing, but the fourth held a beaver, and Ned's heart gave a great thump in his bosom. As he was lifting the beautiful animal he started and bent close to the ground. Plainly discernible there was the imprint of a moccasin which had evidently been made before the beaver got into the trap. The boy was quite sure the track was not there when he last visited the trap-line, but there it was, telling him that a redskin had been prowling around.

"Maybe I'll have to make tracks from these parts before I want to go," he exclaimed. "If the pesky Blackfeet get too numerous, I'll have to pack and travel. That's all there is to it."

He was shouldering the beaver when he heard a slight noise behind him.

"That's a nice fellow, lad," said a voice.

Ned turned with a sudden start. He was face to face with a strange looking white man. He saw a slim personage with sparkling eyes and grayish hair, a man clad in rough hunting costume, with fringe on his leggings, and altogether the beau ideal of a frontiersman.

There was a kindly, good-natured gleam in the eyes that regarded Ned, and it at once set him at his ease. He held the beaver up for the man's inspection.

"They'll pay well for him in the fur market," he exclaimed. "I've got twenty more in the cabin."

"The cabin back yonder?" asked the stranger, with a backward gesture.

"Yes, sir."

"Where are your comrades?"

"Comrades?" echoed the young trapper with a laugh. "Bless you, sir, I haven't any companions."

A look of surprise came into the man's eyes.

"You're not alone in this Indian-infested country?"

"I've been alone here for six months."

"And without losing your scalp?"

"You can see for yourself," answered Ned, lifting his cap. "I still have all the hair I brought up here."

The stranger, who had been leaning on a long-barreled rifle, gave a grunt of wonder.

"But you didn't come up here alone, boy?" he cried.

"I came with Captain Welch."

"Tom Welch?"

"The same, sir."

"And he——"

"Oh, he took a notion one night to leave me here," broke in Ned. "When he got tired looking for the white buffalo he sought other localities without saying to me: 'By your leave, sir.'"

The man came closer and leaned against a tree beside the stream.

"So you've been lured into this death land by the old tale of Snow King?" he went on. "Well, you're not the first dupe. Here's another," and the speaker patted himself on the breast.

"You'd hardly think that old Kit Carson was fool enough to look for a white bull?" he laughed.

Ned started.

Are you Kit Carson?" he cried, gazing anew at the man.

"That's what I've been called these many adventurous years," was the laughing reply. "I'm glad to have met you. What is your name?"

"Ned Arragon."

"Well, supposin' I walk with you down the trap-line? I came up here alone and on the same errand that lured Tom Welch into this region. You don't object, Ned?"

"Not at all, Mr. Carson——"

"Come, boy, don't 'mister' old Kit. I got rid of that society handle many long years ago. I'm 'Kit' Carson, nothing more nor less, and if I have my way I'll be 'Kit' till I die."

Without more ado Ned again shouldered the beaver, and with his new acquaintance proceeded down stream. Suddenly he looked up at Carson.

"Have you seen any Indian sign?" he queried.

"Lots of it," was the reply. "But I've been looking for old Snow King and not much for Black Arrow and his horde."

"I've missed a few pelts, nothing more," said Ned.

"Seen no warriors, eh?"

"No, unless a moving line against the sky meant Indians."

At the end of the boy's trap-line the pair turned back.

"Ho!" suddenly ejaculated Carson, stooping and picking up something which he held out to Ned. "The varmints have been here sure enough! We must keep our eyes open, boy."

Ned was staring at an eagle feather, the tip of which was painted red.

"Some warrior lost this," the monarch of the plains went on. "It's as plain as day to old Kit. We'll see more o' them by and by, and I'll keep this feather in hopes of restoring it to its owner some day."

Kit Carson thrust the feather into his belt and walked on in silence.

"You're welcome to my abode," said Ned, when they reached the cabin which stood in the heart of a natural grove. "I wouldn't say this of Tom Welch."

"I rather guess not," grinned Carson. "What do you say, boy, to our becoming chums?"

"I willingly accept your friendship. I am proud to call Kit Carson my friend."

"Then it's a deal!" cried the old plainsman, reaching his hand. "If we don't find old Snow King it will be because he don't exist. And all the pesky Blackfeet shan't drive us from this country till we're ready to go!"

"Ned Arragon is with you Kit Carson!" ejaculated Ned. "Where is your horse?"

"I thought you'd think I didn't foot it up here," smiled the old man. "My horse fell over a precipice down on Brown's River and was killed; but never mind, we'll have horses by and by, if all signs don't fail. And the eagle feather is a sign."

Carson regaled Ned with some wonderful stories of his life during the day. The more the boy listened to the celebrated guide and hunter the more he liked him. He was rough in looks, showing signs of the adventurous life he had led, but he had a big heart in his bosom, and withal was one of the bravest men that ever penetrated the silences of the great Northwest.

"I guess I'll turn in," said Kit, at last. "I see that they left you a blanket or two. Just throw one on the floor, and I'll sleep as soundly on it as a king in his gilded palace."

Long through the night Ned lay awake thinking of the man whom fate and fortune had sent him. He heard Carson's regular breathing, and at last fell asleep himself. The little place became still. The night wind outside sang its usual lullaby, and the hoot of the lonely owl died away.

All at once Ned found himself sitting bolt upright in the cabin. Something had broken in upon his dreams, but what he did not know.

The interior of the cabin was dark, but a cool wind fanned his cheeks, and to his astonishment he discovered that the door stood wide open. In an instant he was on his feet, and, reaching out, he grasped his rifle, which stood in a nearby corner. The starlight that entered at the open door disclosed an empty blanket where Kit Carson had lain. The boy trapper cocked his weapon and sprang forward, but at the door he suddenly halted.

Out in the brilliant starlight stood the king of guides with one hand raised toward heaven.

"He is taking an oath of some kind!" thought Ned, as he drew back into the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

Ned's astonishment knew no bounds when, early the following morning, he saw Kit Carson enter the cabin with a broad smile on his face. The twinkle in the old guide's eyes was unmistakable.

"Come out and look at your horse, lad," said Kit.

Ned was on his feet in an instant. "My horse?" he exclaimed, as he landed in the light.

Carson was pointing proudly to two wiry horses which, cropping the luxuriant grass a few feet away, appeared to be at home.

"They're beauties, don't you think?" continued Kit.

The young trapper could hardly find his tongue.

"Of course the Blackfeet will miss 'em, but it's give and take in this country. The horses have never known a saddle, but we can ride 'em for all that."

"But the Indians?"

"I've turned the trick before now," broke in Carson, going up to one of the animals and stroking his sleek neck. "They look swift enough to run down the white buffalo when we catch sight o' him. Take your choice, boy."

Ned selected the smaller animal, though there was very little difference between the two, for he could easily see that it possessed speed, as the lithe limbs showed, and in a few moments he was on familiar terms with his prize.

"I can smell a Blackfoot a mile," pursued Carson, who saw that the boy was anxious to hear the story of his night exploit. "There are about twenty in the band, and old Red Crow is at the head o' them. I've met the pesky varmint before, but I was hoping that Black Arrow was with the lot, for I've a little score to settle with that rattlesnake. Well, when I got to the redskin camp and sized it up, I saw there was a chance to cut out some good mounts, and proceeded at once to business.

"The Blackfeet are the lightest sleepers I ever saw, and of course I had to be keerful. It was necessary to step over some guards to get at the corral, and I had to strangle a dog before he could give the alarm. I could hardly keep my hands off a big buck who nodded near the horses, but as I didn't want to stir up a hornet's nest, I managed to do so. So I just took the horses and there they are."

Leaving the stolen steeds to enjoy their feed, Ned and Carson ate their breakfast, after which the guide proposed a scout down the valley in hopes of sighting a herd of buffaloes.

It was a rich valley intersected by little streams that shone like silver in the rising sun, and on the hither side rose a chain of mountains which to Ned was not altogether an unknown land.

"Here they come!" suddenly exclaimed Carson, stretching out his hand toward the west. "We're just in time, Ned. There must be a thousand o' them."

Ned had already caught sight of the black line moving slowly toward them. The buffaloes were coming back into the valley to graze, led by an enormous bull, the king and captain of the herd. The big fellow seemed to realize his position, for he loped on like a monarch, now and then pausing to cast his eyes over his following. The band seemed without limit, and for some time the two friends watched it in silence.

Suddenly an exclamation broke from the young trapper.

There's a white spot in the center of the herd!" he cried.

"I've been watching it," responded Carson.

"It's old Snow King," as I live!"

Kit did not reply.

"We'll see better when they get to grazing," continued Ned. "If it is the famous white bull and we can cut him out——"

"It's Snow King and no mistake," cut in the old guide.

By this time the herd had gained the middle of the valley where the grass was richest, and separated into little groups.

If they should happen to wind us it will all be up," remarked Carson.

"Ah, they are suspicious!" exclaimed Ned. "Look, Kit! The old leader is sniffing and——"

"There they go," was the interruption. "It may be our only chance for the white buffalo. After them, boy! Don't lose sight of old Snow King."

Already Ned had spoken to his Blackfoot horse and was digging his heels into the animal's flanks. The horse shot off like an arrow from a bow, and in an instant Ned was careering down the valley with his eyes fixed on the white spot in the galloping herd. He knew that Carson was not far behind him, for he could hear the sonorous hoofbeats of his steed, but he did not look back.

"Hit him behind the fore shoulder, if you git a chance, boy," he heard old Kit exclaim. "But don't get tied up in the mad herd."

Away now went both horses at their utmost speed, for they had engaged in more than one buffalo chase under different riders, and the ground sped from beneath their flying hoofs.

Ned carried his rifle in one hand, while

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with the other he held the loose rein, leaving it to the horse to overtake the loping band. It was a most exciting race, for the buffaloes were putting forth all speed, making the dust of the valley fly from beneath their feet, and now and then weird cries came from the cows as they tried to keep up with the shaggy bulls.

Suddenly a gap appeared in the hustling ranks, and Ned saw that the white buffalo was accessible. With a cry of triumph, which Carson caught, the boy dashed straight at the coveted prize. The white monster, which had been until now almost a fable, was racing on with lowered head, a sight to thrill every nerve in the boy's frame.

"Make sure o' him!" cried Kit. "Don't miss this lovely chance, Ned."

"Not if my horse holds out," was sent back over the youth's shoulder.

Into the midst of the herd shot Ned Arragon, ready to drive a well-directed ball into the white hide, and each second was bringing him nearer to his desire.

"Merciful heavens!" rose suddenly from Carson's lips.

The very thing he feared most had happened. The mad herd had closed in upon the venturesome boy, and in the twinkling of an eye Ned was in the heart of the band, hemmed in by hundreds of horns. He had ridden into a terrible trap of his own seeking, and no wonder Carson's cheeks blanched when he beheld the startling sight.

Still determined, despite his perilous position, to carry out his intentions, Ned tried to come alongside of the white bull. He would not use his charge till he had an opportunity to empty it into the body of the huge beast, and once or twice he was in the act of firing when he was jostled by the snorting animals and swept aside.

Meantime Carson was hastening to his chum's assistance. Old Kit knew what it meant to be imprisoned in the heart of a herd of furious buffaloes. Ned was liable to be unhorsed and trampled to death by the sharp hoofs, for there were hundreds behind him, and on each side panted monarchs of the plains. It was too late for the boy to withdraw.

The buffaloes seemed eager to protect their white comrade, as if he was a sacred thing, but this disposition only increased Ned's determination to achieve victory.

"Now I have him," said the boy to himself, when at last he found himself alongside the albino.

He threw his rifle to his shoulder, and, suddenly dropping the rein, thrust the weapon toward the mark. At that instant, however, he was thrown forward by the brutes behind him, and in a flash he was tossed into the air from the back of his Blackfoot steed. Fortunately he clung to his rifle, but it was rendered useless by the unexpected situation. Kit saw the accident, and, uttering a cry of horror, halted in the heart of the beautiful valley.

When Ned descended, instead of falling among the plunging band, he landed squarely on the back of old Snow King. The buffaloes were bellowing around him, a legion of horns rose on every side, and he saw the bloodshot eyes of the mad denizens of the plains. Ned in the desperation of the moment sank one hand into the brute's mane and with the other clung to his weapon. It was all he could do.

On, on went the crazy herd. In a moment Carson was but a mere speck in the dim distance, the valley was receding from the boy's gaze, and the mountains appeared nearer. There was no escape from the strange trap into which Ned had fallen.

What had become of his horse he did not know, but in all likelihood the animal had been gored to death by the buffaloes. He clung desperately to the albino king, a strange saddle he had, and held his breath as he was carried toward a gap in the hills, hoping against hope that something would happen to effect his rescue.

Into the big gap shot the infuriated mass. The white buffalo tried to shake off his rider, but Ned refused to be unseated, for it was death to fall to the ground.

Far beyond the gap the animals halted for wind. The big bulls gathered about Ned and sniffed madly at his garments. Old Snow King threw back his head and eyed him viciously.

The young trapper of the Northwest realized his peril. Instead of capturing he had been captured; he was old Snow King's prisoner and his guards were a thousand buffaloes. Doom confronted Kit Carson's chum.

CHAPTER III.
NEW PERIL.

Clinging to the shaggy mane of Snow King, Ned wondered what would happen next. The old guide was not to be seen, and the onrush of the frightened herd had carried the venturesome boy into the wild depths of the mountain barrier. The tall wooded cones rose on every side, and the valley was blotted out. The old bulls looked vicious, and Ned expected to be attacked at any moment and unhorsed. His rifle would not be much protection, for, in attempting to use it, he was liable to lose his seat and be thrown to the ground, where he would soon be finished by the threatening hoofs and horns.

All at once the herd set up a wild bellowing and started off again. Deeper into the wild country it rushed, carrying with it the helpless lad. It seemed as if some demon possessed the huge brutes, and away they went at topmost speed, their tails in air and their hoofs beating a rataplan on the ground. Ned was forced to cling to his unsteady seat, though at times he was nearly shaken loose by old Snow King.

At length the herd debouched into a little valley which the boy had never visited. The scene, while picturesque, was not suggestive of safety, but Ned hoped that old Kit would follow the herd and rescue him.

The longer the bulls looked at their captive the more furious they became. Their ire steadily increased. Suddenly one of the leaders made a rush at the white buffalo and almost toppled him over. Old Snow King showed fight.

It looked like a duel to the death as the two monsters drew off for the combat. Snow King accepted the challenge with a loud bellow, and the next second the gladiators came together head on. The shock was terrible. Both animals were thrown back by the impact; the brown bull nearly lost his footing, while old Snow King roared in fury.

This onslaught seemed to infuriate the rest of the herd, and poor Ned found himself in the midst of a mad battle in which his mount was tossed hither and thither like a tennis ball. The young trapper could not but admire the grit displayed by the white brute, and he encouraged him by shouting at the top of his voice. Bleeding from many wounds, Snow King was forced to a standstill, but even then he snorted his defiance, for his ire was up and he showed spunk in many ways.

Ned believed that it was but a question of time when he would be forced to give up his seat, and he determined to render all the assistance possible to his wild ally. Digging his heels into the dark sides of the old white, for the mixture of blood and dust had colored them, he cocked his rifle and drove a ball into the side of his nearest enemy. The great bull gave a roar and dropped to the ground.

Almost before the echo of the shot died away, Ned was tossed from his precarious saddle and landed on the sward. He was now afoot and at the mercy of the bellowing band.

"Heaven help me!" pealed from his throat. "I shall be trampled to death by these fiends of the plains!"

At that moment, however, he heard a cry which caused him to turn toward the left-hand peaks. A horse was rushing toward him, and he saw, not Kit Carson, but a young girl astride the animal. The sight startled the beleaguered boy. On came the horse and Ned, breathless and almost out of wind, could only stare and breathe an inaudible prayer.

A shot rang out and one of the bulls toppled to one side and sank bleeding to the ground. An Indian girl was standing on the back of the oncoming steed with the ease of a polished equestrienne. Ned saw her feathered headdress waving in the wind, and caught sight of the gaudy ornaments she wore. She dashed into the very midst of the astonished herd.

As if startled by the appearance of their new enemy, the buffaloes stared a minute and then turned tail and fled in mad confusion. The girl drew rein before Ned and looked at him with a smile on her dark and handsome face.

"It's old Snow King."

"White boy safe," said she, in joyous tones.

"Yes, and thanks to you," was the response. "You have saved my life."

"Red Doe come just in time. White boy foolish to fight the mad bulls."

"Just as if I could help myself," responded Ned with a grimace. "I ran into a trap of my own making when I tackled old Snow King."

By this time the Indian girl had dismounted and was looking him over from head to foot. She was not past seventeen, with a willowy figure and a pleasing countenance.

"I would not be here if I could have got out of it," explained Ned. "I don't hanker after any more rides like the one I've just had."

"Red Doe heard the big bulls, and thought she would see what they were at."

"And you came in the nick of time. Now I shall go back to old Kit."

"No. White boy shall go with Red Doe."

"To your camp?"

The girl pointed toward the peaks, and again turned to the young Crusoe.

"It is not far," said she. "Black Arrow will be glad to see the boy who fought the buffaloes."

"But what will Kit do?"

"Who Kit?"

"Kit Carson, the guide.

"The long white man who hates the Blackfeet?"

"I fancy he doesn't love your tribe," confessed Ned. "More than this, he has no friendly feeling for Black Arrow, whom you have just mentioned."

At this a dark look came into the girl's eyes.

"Red Doe make boy go with her," she said, with some sternness. "He will like the Blackfeet. Red Doe will take him."

At the same time she seized the boy's wrist and began to drag him toward her horse.

A thousand thoughts rushed wildly through Ned's mind. Was he to fall into the hands of the most cruel of all the Blackfoot chieftains? The fear thrilled him.

He drew back the length of his singular tether, but the grip was not relaxed; indeed, it only seemed to tighten.

"Come!" commanded Red Doe. "Mebbe some time white boy hunt for Indian girl."

Argument was useless, as Ned plainly saw; he had escaped the buffaloes only to become the prisoner of an Indian girl who was determined to drag him to a doom at thought of which he shuddered.

Perchance, after all, by appearing to accept the situation, he might elude his captor, and he gave in.

"Mount!" said Red Doe.

Ned sprang to the back of the Indian horse, and the next second found Red Doe in front of him. One dark hand gripped his wrist, while its mate seized the reins. The horse obeyed the silent command and bounded away.

For a moment Ned thought of taking every risk and throttling the girl in hopes of getting possession of the flying steed, but he soon relinquished the idea. The pony covered the ground like a bowsped shaft.

Would he ever see Kit Carson again? He wondered what had become of the old guide. Had he given up hopes of rescuing him, and turned back to some old stamping ground, there to forget the boy whom he had just called chum?

And far behind him were the fruits of his long exile, the beautiful and valuable pelts he had collected, the many things he had picked up in the Northwest wilderness. Would they not fall a prey to some roving band of Indians? And the cabin would be given to the flames, and the spot where he had spent many careless hours would become a scene of desolation.

Red Doe evidently knew every foot of the region. She guided the horse through a gap, and came out on a lofty tableland, from which a wide stretch of country was visible.

"Look!" she exclaimed, turning to Ned, as she pointed forward. "See the camp of the brave Blackfeet!"

Ned had no eye for the scene that lay beneath him. He saw darkish figures moving to and fro, and horses were nibbling the luxuriant grass that filled the valley.

"You must let me go back to my friend," pleaded Ned. "I do not care to see Black Arrow."

"But white boy must. Some day he be great white chief, mebbe."

"Or roast at the stake!" shivered Ned.

To this there was no reply.

Red Doe's silence enraged the young exile.

"Now or never!" flashed through Ned's brain.

With a sudden jerk he wrenched his arm from the girl's grip, and the next moment had thrown her from the horse.

But alas! his was a futile effort. He had barely seized the rein, when he was saluted by an ominous click, and he looked down at the leveled weapon in Red Doe's hands and saw her flashing eyes behind the shining barrel.

His heart thrilled and sank low in his bosom.

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publication that you cannot afford to miss.

Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium located at 696 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

—Advertisement.

Stopped Payment.

In a suit lately tried the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been a good one. The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross-examination, and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.

"I have not."

"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer with raised finger. "Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I thought we should get at the truth," observed the counsel with an unpleasant smile. "When did this suspension of payment occur?"

"When I had paid all I owed."

Thinking It Over.

One of Boston's young elite, accompanied by an instructor, was running his new automobile for the first time. They were circling the Common in rather wabbly fashion.

"I suppose," he casually remarked to the chauffeur as he took a fresh grasp on the speed lever, "that you have been around with worse than I."

The man gave no answer.

"I say," he repeated in a louder tone, "I suppose you have been around with worse than I?"

"I heard very well, sir, what you said in the first place," replied the man; "I'm jest a-thinking about it."

The LEDGER'S EMBROIDERY CORNER.

The delightful assortments of beautiful designs in embroidery which are appearing each week, are obtained for the readers of the Ledger exclusively.

The patterns are stamped on the best quality of cloth and accompanied by embroidery silks, threads, or floss to match. These pieces of embroidery are standard. They will never go out of style. The beauty of the design and the quality of the material will be a delight to every woman.

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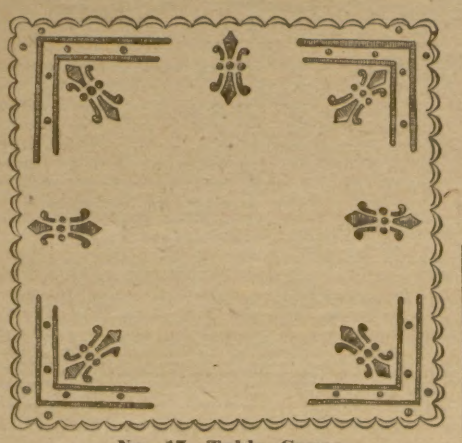

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Got Half-Dollar Back.

A few years ago a preacher was invited to preach at a little church a few miles out in the country. He took his little son along with him. He was none too well. The congregation was a very small one, and it was evident that they were poor persons. Altogether he was not very much inspired and preached what he thought a very poor sermon.

On retiring from the church he noticed a contribution box in the entry near the door. Feeling that he had not helped very much, either mentally or spiritually, he felt in his pocket to see what he could put into the contribution box. He had only a half-dollar, which he dropped into the box.

After he and his son had got quite a distance on their way home they were overtaken by a man who was running after them, all out of breath. He said, "Mr. Preacher, we intended to give you the amount of the collection. When you were leaving we thought there was none, but on opening the box we found that somebody had put in a half-dollar, which rightfully belongs to you."

He handed it to the preacher, who could do nothing but accept with thanks.

The man turned back. The preacher and his son walked on. After a few moments his son said, "Say, father, if you had put more into that box you would have got more out of it, wouldn't you?"

The Baby's Grab.

Samuel A. Thompson, secretary of the Rivers and Harbors Congress, while lecturing before the Fruit and Produce Exchange told the following:

"Among a certain people," he said, "it used to be the custom to test the future of a baby by placing before him a coin, a Bible, a piece of cloth, and several other articles. The article which the baby grabbed was supposed to indicate its future calling. Thus, if he grabbed the Bible he would be a preacher, if the money he would be a business man, if the cloth a tailor, et cetera.

"Once, when a proud father was trying out this test, the baby snatched the Bible in one hand, the coin in the other, the piece of cloth in his teeth, and began to try to gather in all the rest with his arms.

"Mein Gott!" cried the man, he grabs everything in sight. He's going to be a railroad man.'"

Couldn't Say It.

The Sweet Young Thing entered the department store, and, after glancing around in a helpless way for a few moments, approached a floorwalker.

"What can we do for you, Miss?" asked the floorwalker.

The Sweet Young Thing blushed, and then said:

"Where can I find those elastic bands capable of being elongated and put around the lower extremities of the locomotive members to keep the proper position and the required altitude for the habiliments of their tibias?"

Ten minutes later strong men led the floorwalker away. He was a raving maniac.

A Perplexed Parent.

Charles A. Mason, the German dialect comedian, tells this yarn:

"A brewer one morning observed an unusually expansive smile on the face of the jovial German who is foreman of his establishment. An interesting event had occurred at the house of the German the night before.

"'I congratulate you, Hans,' smilingly said the employer. 'Of course, the new arrival is a wonder?'

"'Of course,' was the emphatic reply of the father. 'Dis baby vays more und fifdeen bounds.'

"'Splendid! And is it a boy or a girl?'

"'Py golly,' he exclaimed, in chagrin. 'In der excitement I haf forgot to find out vedder I vos a grandfadder or a grandmudder.'"

Some people are down on their luck and some others never have any to be down on.

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

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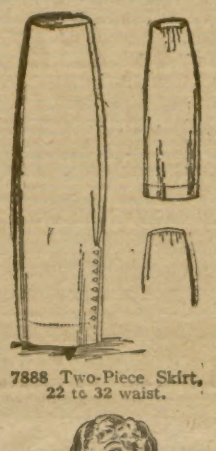

7888 Two-Piece Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

7901 Fancy Cutaway Coat, 34 to 42 bust.

7891 Child's Dress, 2 to 6 years.

7909 Two-Piece Draped Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

7889 Fancy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

7906 Child's Empire Dress, 1, 2 and 4 years.

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These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber, send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

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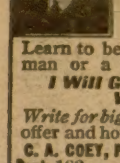

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THE FAIRY CORNER

NOT QUITE FAIR.

"It seems to me it's not quite fair,"
Said little Johnny Jones,
"That dogs and horses have the hair,
While chickens have the combs;
For feathers need no comb, you know,
But fur and hair do need one so!"

RICH AND POOR.

Once upon a time there lived a girl whose father and mother died when she was quite a tiny child. Her godmother lived all alone in a little cottage at the far end of the village, and there she earned her living by spinning, weaving, and sewing. The old woman took the little orphan home with her and brought her up in good, pious, industrious habits.

When the girl was 15 years old her godmother fell ill, and calling the child to her bedside, she said: "My dear daughter, I feel that my end is near. I leave you my cottage, which will at least shelter you, and also my spindle, my weaver's shuttle, and my needle, with which to earn your bread."

Then she laid her hands on the girl's head, blessed her, and added: "Mind and be good, and then all will go well with you." With that she closed her eyes for the last time.

After this the girl lived alone in the little cottage. She worked hard, spinning, weaving, and sewing, and her old godmother's blessing seemed to prosper all she did. The flax seemed to spread and increase; and when she wove a carpet or a piece of linen she was sure to find a customer who paid her well, so that not only did she feel no want herself, but she was able to help those who did.

Now it happened that about this time the king's son was making a tour through the entire country to look for a bride. He could not marry a poor woman, and he did not wish for a rich one.

"She shall be my wife," he said, "who is at once the poorest and the richest."

When he reached the village where the girl lived he inquired who was the richest and who the poorest woman in it. The richest was named first; the poorest, he was told, was a young girl who lived alone in a little cottage at the far end of the village.

The rich girl sat at her door dressed in all her best clothes, and when the king's son came near she got up, went to meet him and made him a low courtesy. He looked well at her and said nothing, but rode on farther.

When he reached the poor girl's house he did not find her at the door, for she was at work in her room. The prince reined in his horse, looked in at the window, and saw the girl sitting at her wheel busily spinning away.

She looked up, and when she saw the king's son gazing in at her she blushed red all over, cast down her eyes, and spun on. She went on spinning till the king's son had ridden off. Then she stepped to the window and opened the lattice, saying, "The room is so hot," but she looked after him as long as she could see the white plumes in his hat.

Then she sat down to her work once more and spun on, and as she did so an old saying which she had often heard her godmother repeat while at work came into her head, and she began to sing:

"Spindle, spindle, go and see
If my love will come to me."

Lo and behold! the spindle leaped from her hand, rushed out of the room, and danced merrily through the fields, dragging a long golden thread after it, and soon it was lost to sight

The girl, having lost her spindle, took up the shuttle and, seating herself at her loom, began to weave. Meanwhile the spindle danced on, and just as it had come to the end of the golden thread it reached the king's son.

"What do I see?" he cried; "this spindle seems to wish to point out the way to me. So he turned his horse's head and rode back beside the golden thread.

Meantime the girl sat weaving, and sang:

"Shuttle, weave both web and woof,
Bring my love beneath my roof."

The shuttle instantly escaped from her hand and with one bound was out at the door. On the threshold it began weaving the loveliest carpet that was ever seen. Roses and lilies bloomed on both sides, and in the center a thicket seemed to grow with rabbits and hares running through it, stags and fawns peeping through the branches, while on the topmost boughs sat birds of brilliant plumage and so lifelike one almost expected to hear them sing. The shuttle flew from side to side, and the carpet seemed almost to grow of itself.

As the shuttle had run away the girl sat down to sew. She took her needle and sang:

"Needle, needle, stitch away,
Make my chamber bright and gay."

And the needle promptly slipped from her fingers and flew about the room like lightning. You would have thought invisible spirits were at work, for in next to no time the table and benches were covered with green cloth, the chair with velvet and elegant silk curtains hung before the windows. The needle had barely put in its last stitch when the girl, glancing at the window, spied the white plumed hat of the king's son, who was being led back by the spindle with the golden thread.

He dismounted and walked over the carpet into the house, and when he entered the room there stood the girl blushing like any rose. "You are the poorest and yet the richest," said he. "Come with me. You shall be my bride."

She said nothing, but she held out her hand. Then he kissed her and led her out, lifted her on his horse, and took her to his royal palace, where the wedding was celebrated with great rejoicings.

The spindle, the shuttle, and the needle were carefully placed in the treasury, and were always held in the highest honor.

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Willie—"Ma, you know how easily I get sea sick."

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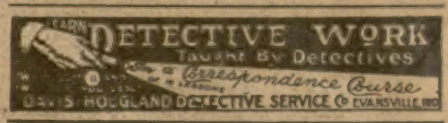

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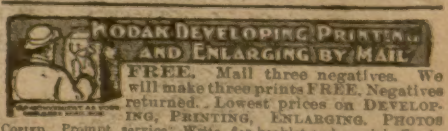

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